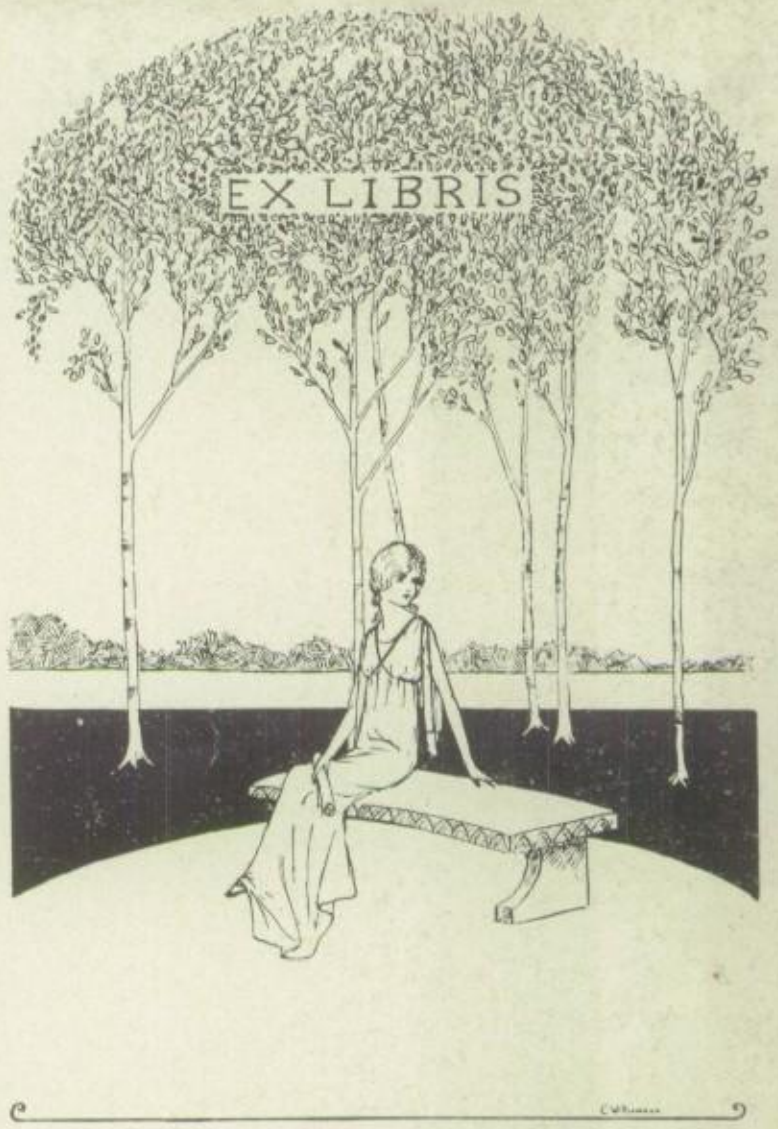
SENIOR
Year Book

COMMUNIS ILLUMINATIO MEA


EX LIBRIS

The Senior Year Book

~ *Published by* ~

The Class of 1928

NAZARETH ACADEMY

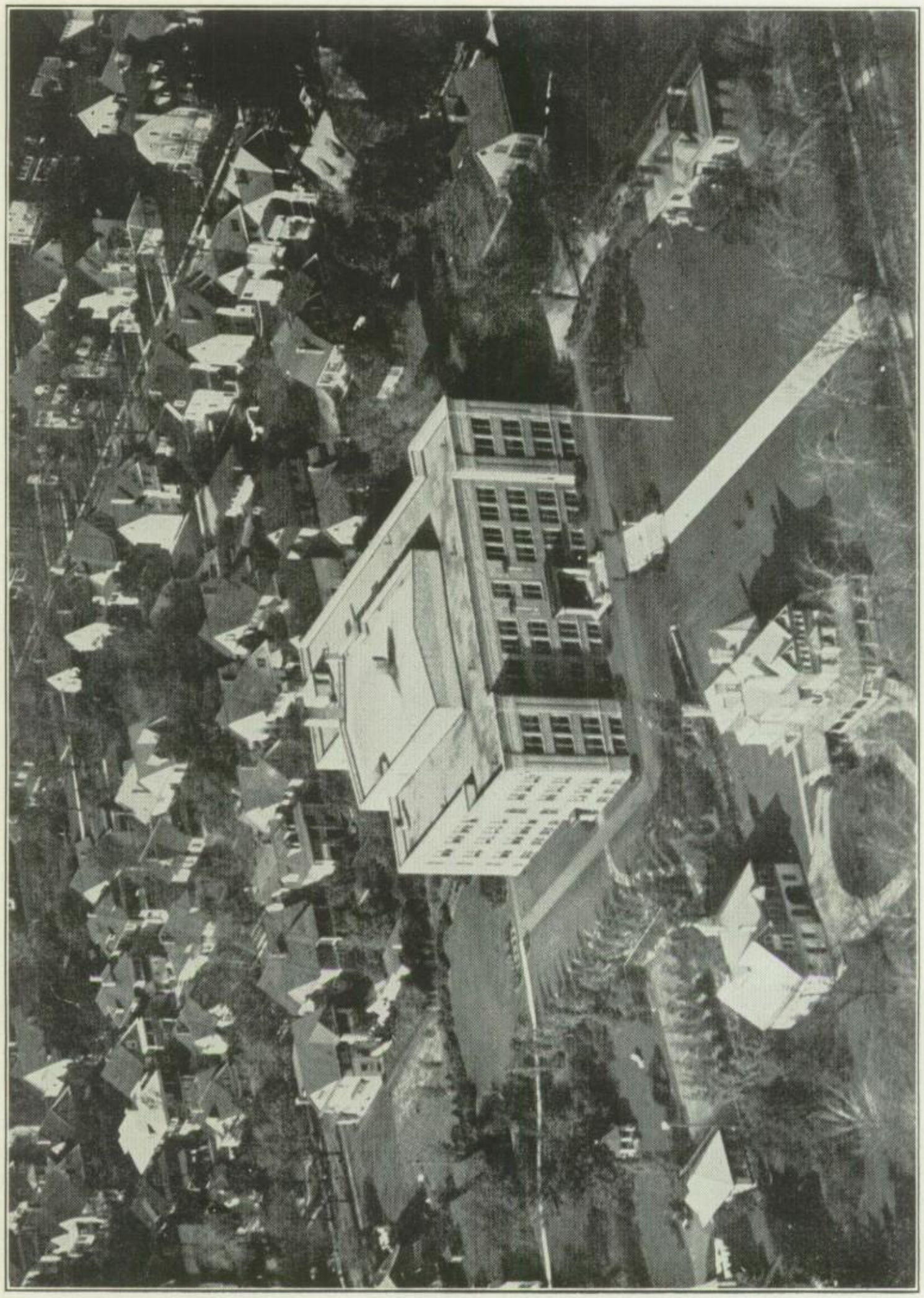
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea"

The path whereon the footsteps daily fall
Of those who bring life's truths to Learning's hall.

Dedication

To Sister M. Boniface whose Golden Round of Years as a member of Nazareth Faculty, with its far-reaching and permanent influence in the up-building of the ideal of beautiful girlhood, this year completes, we, the Class of Nineteen Twenty-eight, affectionately dedicate this, our volume of Nazareth's Senior Year Book.



NAZARETH ACADEMY
From an altitude of eighteen hundred feet

Contents

DEDICATION
PROLOGUE
CLASS PORTRAITS
CLASS HISTORY
ORGANIZATIONS
DRAMATICS
LITERARY
CLASSES
VALE

St. Joseph's Statue

White, in the dust of fine-powdered snow,
Rose, in the summer's bright sunset glow,
Dim as a star in the moon-crowned night,
Clear as the dew in the dawn's sunlight;
Fashioned of marble with inspired art,
Joseph leads Jesus with guileless heart.
Hand clasping His hand, the loving guide
Wondering gazes at God by his side.

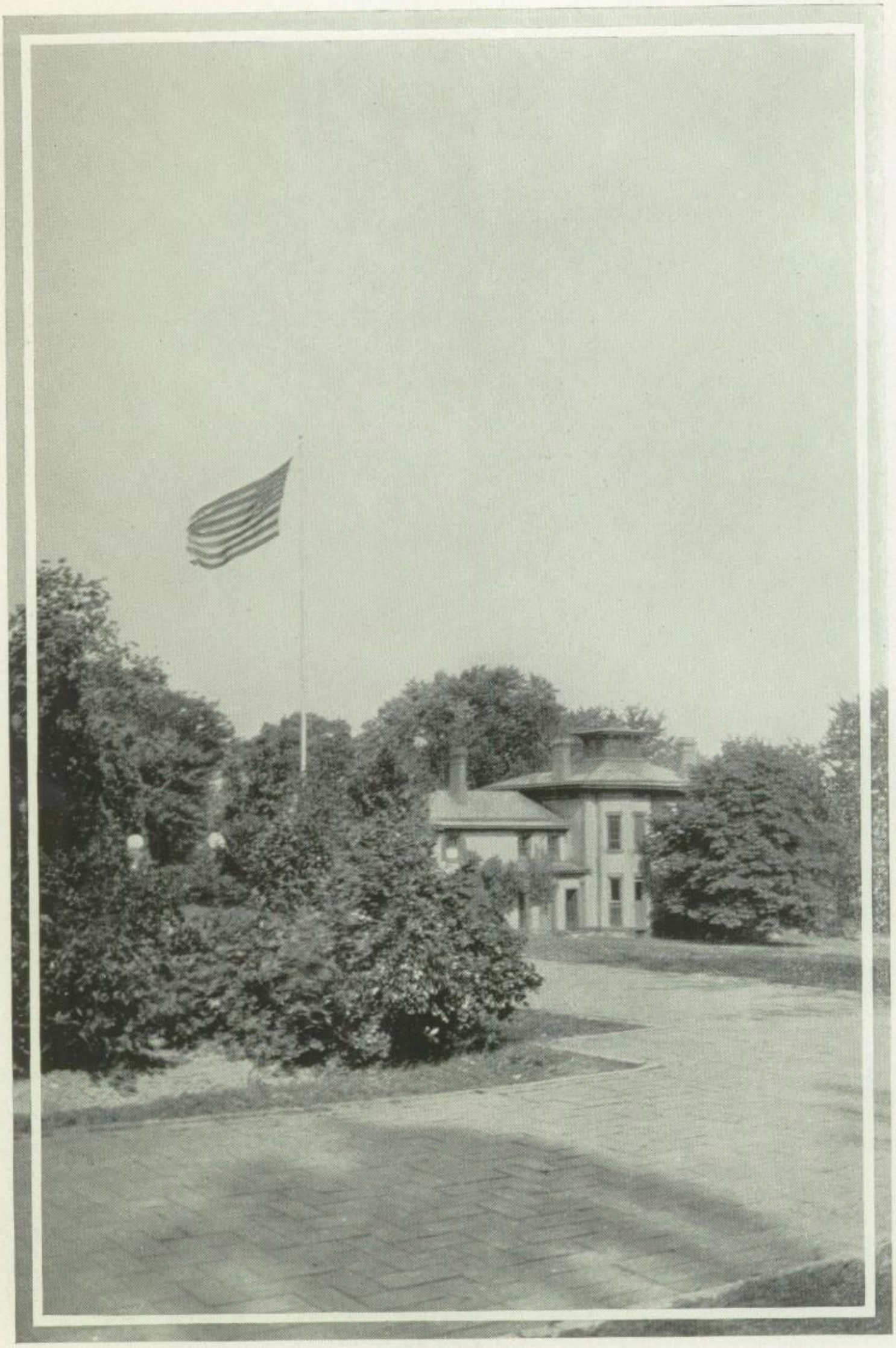
CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

~ Prologue ~

With the rose's blushing beauty
And the pansy's thoughtful mien,
With the violet's blue of duty
And the fern's cool, soothing green,
We have fashioned memory's garland
Twined with Nazareth's gold and blue;
That no matter whate'er far land
We may chance to wander through,
Memories will their fragrance lend,
And our thoughts to Nazareth send.

Right Reverend Thomas F. Hickey, D. D.

THE REVEREND JOSEPH E. GRADY
Instructor in Religion

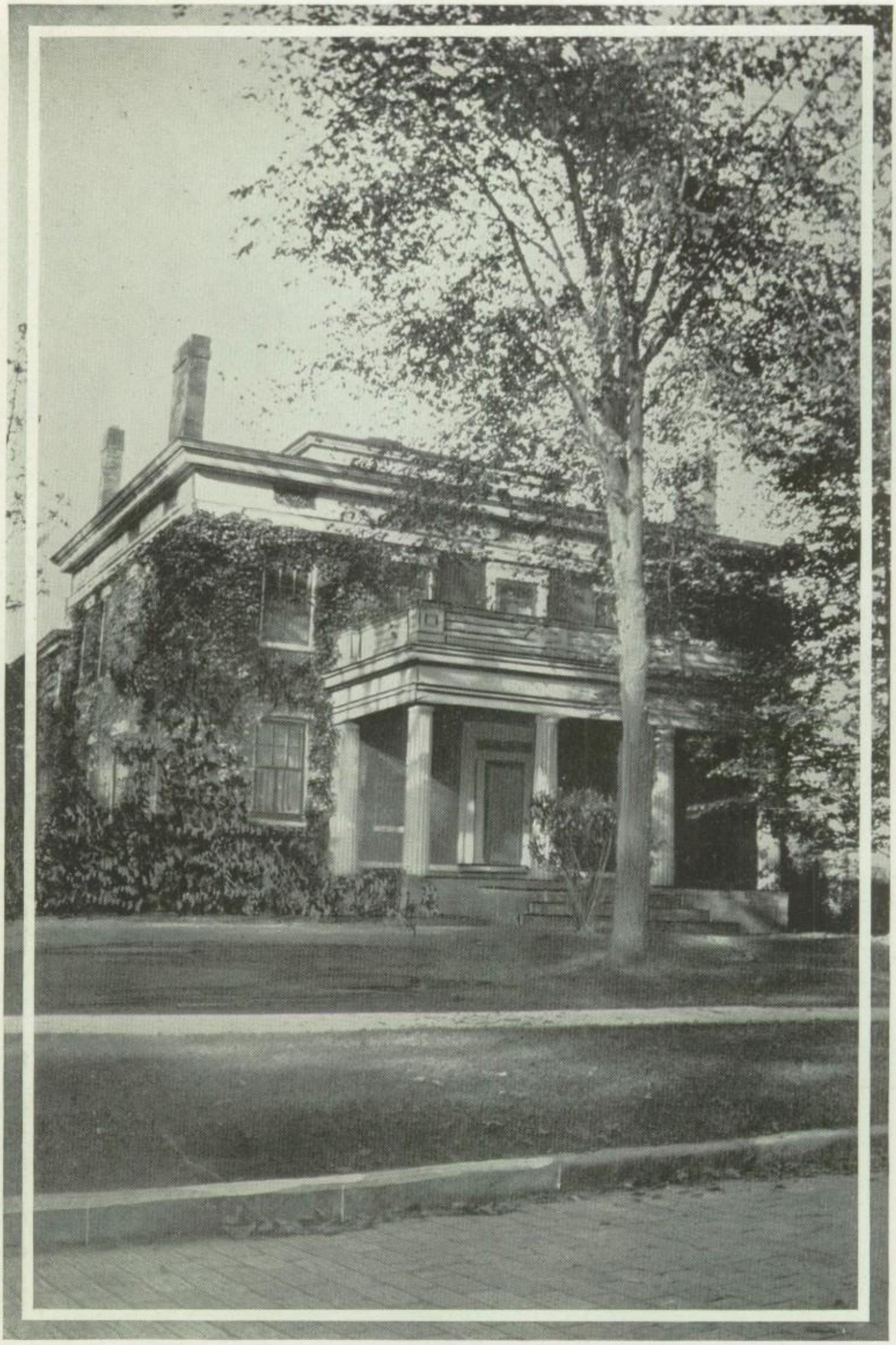


CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

"How light the touches are that draw
Sweet music from the chords of life!"

OUR WOODED TERRACES

Where budding twigs and blossoms fair,
With springtime glory fill the air.



With ivy-mantled walls, colonial roof
And graceful pillars well nigh century proof.

Where Friendship walks with all her happy train
'Mid girlhood's haunts adown Shakespearean Lane.

The Nazareth Girl

(With Apologies)

Maiden, with the laughing eyes,
In whose orbs a glory lies
Like the dawn in morning skies!

Thou whose voice is tuned with glee,
Laughing, trilling merrily,
Like the sun-lit brook care-free!

On whose cheeks fair roses grow
Like the flush on winter snow
Of a flaming sunset's glow!

From whose lips bright treasures fall,
Kindly words bestowed on all,
Sweeter than a thrush's call!

Seest thou from thy sheltered nook,
Visions in the mirrored brook,
Where our eyes deign not to look?

Hear'st thou wafted on the breeze
In half-murmured harmonies
Haunting, dream-strewn melodies?

Maiden, poised for soaring flight,
Look once more with memory's sight
On the joys of childhood bright.

Womanhood will steal thee soon,
Tempting now with promised boon
As thy morn glides into noon.

Be thou ever, Nazareth maid,
True and good and unafraid
Of the snares the world has laid.

Keep thy eyes and ears and tongue
As they should be, far from wrong;
Let thy woman's heart be strong.

Make thyself a friend indeed,
Off'ring to another's need
Charity in thought and deed.

And that priceless gift impart
To the lone and sad of heart,
For a Nazareth Girl thou art.

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

SENIOR
C. Williamson

Emily Ackerman
"Her thoughts are flocks; she keeps them white."

Josephine Allesandrella
"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Irene Anderson
"Small of stature; large of mind."

Dolores Amann
"She bears unconsciously the spell of loveliness."

"Glad mirth peeps from her bright, brown eyes."
Lois Attridge

"She is the very pink of courtesy."
Jeanette Ballou

"The crimson glow of modesty o'erspreads her cheek."
Rosana Barson

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."
Loretta Berend

Isabelle Bishop
"Joy softens more hearts than tears."

Jessie Boylin
"O music, sphere-descended maid."

Anna M. Brennan
"Modesty is the diamond setting to her loveliness."

Rosemary Buckley
"There's rosemary; that's for remembrance."

"A lovely girl is above all rank."

Mildred Burke

"A distinctly lovable girl."

Margaret M. Burns

"Her bright smile reflects a cheerful disposition."

Elizabeth Carls

"As merry as the day is long."

Helen Chapman

Dolores Clark

Our Class President. "As sound and wholesome as the proverbial oak."

Lillian Clark

"Her violin responds to the witchery of her touch."

Mary Clinton

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

Madeline Cole

"Her laughter is mirth-provoking and contagious.

"Quality, not quantity, is Ruth's measure."

Ruth Collins

"Her charms are of the lasting kind."

Gertrude Connor

She has a natural, wise sincerity, a simple candor."

Grace Conway

"Her smile brings sunshine wherever she goes."

Bernadette Coyne

Anna Corcoran
"She has a heart with room for every joy."

Margaret Crowley
"To friends a friend, and kind to all."

Jane Culp
"An ideal companion and a lovable girl."

Florence Dempsey
"In her gentleness she is strong."

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."
Frances Doyle

"A flower of meekness on a stem of grace."
Louise Doyle

"She not only dispels gloom but makes others participate in her joy."
Dorethea Dubie

"Helen is one whom we both love and admire."
Helen Echter

Mary Erb

"None knew her but to love her."

Virginia Erdle

"Sweets to the sweetest."

Beatrice Feeney

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Mary Feeney

"Her virtues plead like angels trumpet-tongued."

"Deep brown eyes running over with glee."

Lillian Fess

"As gentle as spring-time zephyrs."

Alice Fink

"Of study she took most care and heed."

Anna Fischette

"Simplicity is a jewel rarely found."

Esther Foley

Norma Foley

"The commonplace grows lovely under her pencil's shading."

Dorothy Foos

"Steadfast to purpose and resolute to duty."

Magdalen Forcione

"Always courteous and considerate to others."

Margaret Gardner

"What will not woman, gentle woman do?"

"Innocence in genius and candor in power."

Bernice Gillenkirk

Gentle to hear, kind to judge."

Muriel Guntert

"Deeds survive the doer."

Marion Haefele

"Heart of gold and sterling worth."

Katherine Hanley

Bertha Harnishfeger
"Zealous, yet modest.

Louise Harper
"Mischief lurks in her bright eyes."

Mary Harrison
"In her quiet way she is able to achieve impossible things."

Mary Eva Henner
"Of intellectual and artistic bent, Mary Eva has a promising future."

"Amiability shines by its own light."

Barbara Hetzler

"Her ideas are sound; her way of expressing them original."

Thelma Hogan

"Words sweetly placed and modestly directed."

Louise Hohener

"A capable girl with splendid executive ability."

Helene Hoppough

Florence Howard

"A girl with a heart of oak."

Mary Jennings

"Mary is one whose opinion is well worth asking."

Ruth Kearns

"Life without laughter would be a dreary blank for Ruth."

Kathleen Keenan

"A woman's strength robed in gentleness!"

"Truth shines the brighter clad in verse."

Jean Kelly

"Size deceives; she's a mountain of achievement."

Martha Kelly

"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

Mary Kelley

"Energy and presistence conquer all things."

Rita Kier

Beatrice Kinsella

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

Ruth Kirby

"A blithe heart makes a smiling face."

Elizabeth Klein

"Order, thou eye of action."

Louisa Koczian

"A friendly heart with troops of friends."

"The sunbeam of a cheerful spirit."

Helen Lang

Eloquence is the poetry of prose."

Mary Leary

"Virtue is the charm which protects her."

Mary Long

"A gentle, gracious, affable girl."

Helen McCabe

Madeline McGuire

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Arline McKague

"How light the touches that kiss the music from the chords of life."

Ruth McKenna

"Her gentleness is her most persuasive and powerful argument."

Mildred Magin

"Great thoughts like deeds need no trumpet."

"Her happiness seems made to be shared."

Katherine Maloney

"The hidden soul of harmony."

Gertrude Marchand

"Her disposition is as sunny as her hair is golden."

Irene Martin

"Whose every little ringlet thrilled."

Margaret Meagher

Mary Merklinger

"A quiet, serious-minded girl who is bound to succeed."

Jean Minges

"Dainty, sweet and truly womanly."

Grace Murray

"A quiet, unassuming girl with big, thoughtful eyes."

Julia Nothnagle

"She thinks clearly and logically."

"A sweet expression is the highest type of loveliness."

Kathleen O'Neill

"Her step is music and her voice is song."

Marion O'Neil

"How forcible are right words."

Mary Claire O'Shea

"Her heart was in her work, and the heart gives grace to every art.

Bernice Ott

Dorothy Papineau

"Loveliness when unadorned is adorned the most."

Mary Alice Pegnam

"Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power."

Mae Bell Philp

"Kind words are the music of the world."

Thelma Plank

"Thelma will smile all your woes away."

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

Arline Pomeroy

"Alice is quick in seeing through a situation and in solving a problem.

Alice Polla

"The way to gain a friend is to be one."

Elizabeth Purchase

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."

Mary Quirin

Mary Rae

"Simplicity is a captivating grace in woman."

Mary Reddy

"Mary is wide-awake and interested in the best things in life."

Altha Roach

"Unanimously liked by all her classmates."

Mary Roach

"Worry and Mary have never met."

"Her flashes of merriment won her many friends."

Isabelle Rovas

"Real worth requires no interpreter."

Margaret Rowan

"There is no art or science too difficult for industry to attain."

Helena Rubino

"Her poetry is thought in blossom."

Blanche St. Pierre

Lorette Schefinger

"In oratory without a peer."

Dorothy Scheid

"Dorothy enters wholeheartedly into all class activities."

Rosemary Schifferli

"Her hair is not sunnier than her heart."

Eleanor Schreiner

"An irresistible smile that radiates innocence and happiness."

"To do noble and true things is Mary's highest aspiration."

Mary Serafine

"In her soft look what language lies."

Angeline Sgambati

"Her happiness is reflected like the light of heaven."

Kathleen Shafer

"Sober speed is wisdom's leisure."

Mary Sharkey

Alzire Sigel

"With countenance demure and modest grace."

Hedwiga Silberstein

"Whose little body lodges a mighty mind."

Mary Simons

"Gentle in method, resolute in action."

Ruth Slavin

"She has an eye that could speak though her tongue were silent."

"A sunny disposition is the soul of success."

Mary Spillman

"Nothing is so hard but Susan will find it out."

Susan Spacher

"Helen loves music, especially the tones of the violin."

Helen Stein

"Elsie trips the frolicsome round."

Elsie Strebler

Audrey Snyder
"Sweet and gracious even in common speech."

Melanie Taylor
"To be merry best becomes you."

Margaret Tydings
"Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom."

Anna Vaeth
"Occupation is the armour of the soul."

"A good listener and an interesting talker."

Dorothy VanVechten

"A frankness and generosity of disposition that wins all hearts."

Lois Weingartner

"A smile and a word for everyone."

Helen Wells

"Arline smiles her own sweet way into the hearts of friends."

Arline Wheeler

Catherine Williamson

"Catherine has a fine appreciation for the beautiful in literature and art."

Mary Woodruff

"True modesty is a lovely flower."

Mary Wright

"Gentleness is Mary's strong enforcement."

"Her silver voice is like the rich mus'c of a summer bird."

Agatha Young

"A good girl is the loveliest flower that blooms on earth."

Elnor Zweigle

Graduates in Music

Anna M. Brennan
Piano

Lillian Clark
Violin

Mary Eva Henner
Violin

Arline McKague
Piano

Gertrude Marchand
Piano

Isabelle Rovas
Piano

Anna Ryan
Piano

Class Officers

Dolores Clark
President

Jane Culp
Vice-President

Mary Roach
Secretary

Loretta Berend
Treasurer

Class History

PROLOGUE

This little book will tell you
The story of '28,
Once Freshmen, Juniors, Sophomores,
Now Seniors so sedate;
Of dramas and of parties,
Of entertainments royal,
Of studies and of trials,
Of friendships all most loyal.
So pick your favorite armchair,
And settle down to read
The story of the Nazareth girls
And the happy lives they lead.

CHAPTER ONE

At various intervals on one fresh September morning in 1924, street cars came to a stop at the bottom of a hill on the summit of which stands a large, imposing building. Each car discharged a number of laughing, eager-eyed girls, whose hearts held all the wonder of people about to undergo a strange metamorphosis. Our first day at high school! Up the long walk we moved in chattering groups, making all kinds of conjectures about the coming year. At the door we were directed by a kindly nun to the auditorium, where we first realized how numerous our companions were to be. Here, also, we first heard some of the rulings of the school. Having been assigned to our respective rooms, we entered upon our high-school work in earnest. How Latin troubled our weary brains already crammed with a never-ending supply of x's and y's! Yet, perseverance was destined to conquer and before long Mr. Latin and Miss Algebra meekly trailed behind us doing our every bidding. Many things happened that year which we shall never forget. Most attentively we listened to the interesting messages of Reverend Father O'Mailia, S. J., Dean of Canisius College, Buffalo; to Father LeBuffe and to the Right Reverend Bishop of Pittsburg. That year, also, Nazareth was well represented in the oratorical contests of this city. Truly that was a year to be proud of,—that never-to-be-forgotten, always-to-be-loved Freshman Year!

CHAPTER TWO

The next year we again came up the front walk of Nazareth, a little faster now, a little wiser, and with a deeper love for our Alma Mater than on that first exciting day. Laughing groups were again chattering like magpies. Loving glances were being scattered in every direction. Kisses fell as fast as April's raindrops. Our Sophomore Year, too, was to be memorable. That year saw the beginning of our departmental work. With great pride we passed to and from classes with the Juniors and Seniors. Often, while we were deep in the throes of a bothersome geometry theorem, the cry, "Single file! Watch where you're going!", would break in upon our meditation. The visit of His Eminence Cardinal Patrick Hayes and the few kindly words which he addressed to us left a lasting and pleasant impression upon our memories. Another big event of the year was the celebration of Sister Marcella's Jubilee, a most touching and beautiful demonstration. Perseveringly, throughout the remainder of the year, the girls wrestled with triangles and polygons, or followed Caesar closely in his many wandering battles. In such a manner was spent our beloved Sophomore Year.

CHAPTER THREE

Once again we climbed the green knoll on which our Alma Mater rests; this time we were less foolish, less giddy, more wise and more sedate than ever before. Were we not Juniors? And must we not conduct ourselves accordingly? That year held many joys for us. Long hours were spent dreaming of the coming year. Longer hours were devoted to Cicero and his orations. The ambition of every girl was to succeed in her studies in order that she might have a place in the Study Hall. Some of us worked from morning till night in the chemistry laboratory, while others delved deeply into Ancient History. Truly it was a busy year! ! A brief respite came in the form of a visit from Miss Rosalie Madden, a member of "The Student Prince" Company, who favored us with several songs which she rendered most artistically. A short time later, a venerable missionary on his visit to Nazareth told

us such thrilling jungle tales about snakes and lions that it was a long time before any of us ventured far in the dark. The remainder of the year passed only too swiftly, but its memory will long remain with us.

CHAPTER FOUR

Seniors! Seniors! How proudly we entered Nazareth's welcoming portals! This was our year. Work was begun eagerly, everyone anxious to make this year the most successful in the history of Nazareth. Dolores Clark was chosen class President; Jane Culp, vice-president; Mary Roach, secretary; Loretta Berend, treasurer. The first senior function, the Hallowe'en party, was a great success. Other successes followed with the Valentine party, the Christmas pageant, the two senior plays, "Cynthia Looks Ahead" and "A Russian Romance." Among the many welcome visitors to Nazareth during this year was Father William Muckle, who gave an illustrated talk on the life of the Little Flower, a lecture which proved to be most interesting. Sister Antonio, Dean of St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minnesota, also addressed the girls with a few words of sage advice. Now everyone is looking forward with great anticipation to the Medaille Club party, hoping that it will be as brilliant a success as the preceding parties. Our former triumps, we feel sure, will be fittingly crowned by the greatest triumph of our four years at Nazareth, Commencement Day.

We hope you liked our story,
  There is nothing more to tell;
We have lived our lives at Nazareth
  To learn to do things well.
We will ne'er forget our school days,
  Spent under Nazareth's roof;
We will ne'er forget the sisters
  From all the world aloof.
We thank them from our very hearts
  For all that they have done,
May blessings choice attend them
  And enrich them everyone.

HELEN LANG.

LOUISE DOYLE
Salutatorian

RITA KIER
Valedictorian

Academic Commercial Course

LIKE a beacon light or a shining emblem blazing forth certain standards and accomplishments, the name "Nazareth" stands out as an eminently distinguished school for girls. One of the leading factors that influence a school's reputation is the graduates it sends out from its doors, the students who have absorbed the ideals and standards of their school and made them their own. If this is so, let us observe the graduates Nazareth has sent forth, so that we can discover for ourselves what it is that makes the name of Nazareth so widely known and so highly praised.

Nazareth gives her girls the best in secondary education, offering them two courses: the academic course, which prepares a girl for college entrance, and the commercial course, which prepares a girl for entrance into the business world. Since the Nazareth girl is so highly esteemed by business men, let us see of what her course consists, a course which so adequately fits a girl for work in the business world.

Formerly, Nazareth's Commercial Course covered a period of but two years; but since this generation is making such great strides in education and learning, Nazareth in 1923 met the situation by revising her two-year Commercial Course into an Academic Commercial Course consisting of four years' work. Today the Nazareth commercial student not only receives a knowledge of the commercial subjects—typewriting, shorthand, bookkeeping and commercial law, but she also gains an increased knowledge of the cultural subjects—sciences, mathematics and modern languages. This, we think, is the most that any school can give a girl in preparation for her entrance into the business world. But wait—we forget that this is Nazareth, and being Nazareth she offers more, much more to her dear students—she gives them character training, such training as will enable them to be self-reliant and thoroughly reliable in meeting the various conditions of life, and she instills in them a desire for attaining high ideals. It is this special training that makes the Nazareth girl invaluable in the eyes of an understanding business man. And thus training her students, Nazareth comes into very close contact with them; she is like a mother to them; hence, their pride in calling her their "Alma Mater."

Today we find many Nazareth girls who have received such careful training engaged in various kinds of business careers. Many have positions in the offices and foreign correspondence departments of large manufacturing concerns; others, in the private offices of doctors and lawyers; some are keeping the books of banks and other firms; while still others have civil service positions, as on the Board of Education. The field of business is broad and great opportunities lie there for girls with such an education as Nazareth offers in her Academic Commercial Course.

The value of such a course is quickly appreciated, and hence many girls from all sections of the city respond to Nazareth's call. At present there are thirty-three girls who are about to complete their last year of this wonderful course, and who will soon take their places among the business people of Rochester's work-a-day world; thirty-three girls backed by four years of careful training in commercial and academic subjects, ready to meet the conditions of life and to make their debut into a new and wide world in which there are ample opportunities to use their ability, to carry out their high ideals, to measure up to the standards set by Nazareth commercial graduates. May it be our good fortune as members of this year's class, to demonstrate our own efficiency, as well as augment the honor of our beloved school by so playing our roles on the great stage of life that our actions will reflect credit upon our dear Alma Mater, Nazareth.

LORETTA BEREND, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Eventide

The moon is calm in the sunset's glow,
And the marshes sway as the breezes blow;
The grey gulls sail on the pastel heights,
And the world is wrapt in myriad delights.

As twilight creeps on the deepening rose,
A burst of song o'er the valley flows,
It quivers and soars, then sinks to rest;
I utter a prayer for the night is blest.

V. M. ERDLE, '28.

Our Annual Retreat

Retreat days at Nazareth are, for every true Nazareth girl, the most sweetly solemn, the most glorious days of the year. Retreat is indeed a time of spiritual re-awakening, when all eathly cares and pleasures are thrust into the background, and the minds of all are occupied in dwelling with deep fervor on the life, passion and death of Christ. It is a time when our souls are inspired to make high resolves and with renewed courage to face again the problems of life, ever keeping in our hearts the sweet attraction of Christ's love.

Especially for the seniors did this year's retreat hold a deep significance since it was to be their last retreat at Nazareth as a part of the student body. In the heart of every one of us, I am sure, there must have welled up a desire to make this retreat the most spiritually significant of all our Nazareth retreats. Who of us can forget that last morning in the auditorium-chapel, with its little white altar standing out against a background of red, while during the Mass eight hundred white-veiled, pure-eyed girls passed silently up to the communion rail and knelt in profound adoration to receive into their happy hearts the Bread of Life? It was a sight altogether beautiful and soul-inspiring. What one of us did not beg of God at that solemn moment the grace to avoid the snares and pitfalls of the world, to endure its sorrows and disappointments with resignation, and to receive with prudence the happiness and fame it might hold for us?

To Rev. Father Beglan, S. J., Dean of Canisius College, Buffalo, we owe a deep debt of gratitude for his inspiring conferences and instructions which helped to make this our last retreat at Nazareth a most profitable one. His words of advice were sound and appealed to our intellects as well as to our hearts.

May the memory of that beautiful week in Passion-tide remain with us for many a day to keep us true and good, faithful and loyal daughters of Nazareth.

MILDRED MAGIN, '28.

To Our Lady

At Nazareth of old, dear Mother of Christ,
You once mended sandals for two small feet,
From stumble or fall, His dear Self to keep;
Pray, guard all our steps up life's rugged steep,
Dear Lady of Nazareth, Mother of Christ.

LORETTE SCHEFINGER, '28.

Late September

Autumn breezes softly blow,
Red-brown leaves rock to and fro,
Laughing children in their glee
Run to school most happily.

Now the graceful goldenrod
Bends her tall stem to the sod;
Winds and rains have aged her so
That it's time for her to go.

One lone rose, the very last,
Still recalls the summer past;
Soon, too soon, its petals red
Will have all their beauty shed.

ARLINE MCKAGUE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Contemplation

When we kneel in adoration
  At the altar of our God,
And in silent contemplation
  Walk the steps which He hath trod,
How trivial seem the trials of life,
  Towards those which Jesus bore,
Of scoffs, of cruelty and stripe,
  That we might sin no more.

MARY FEENEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Holy Brother Francis

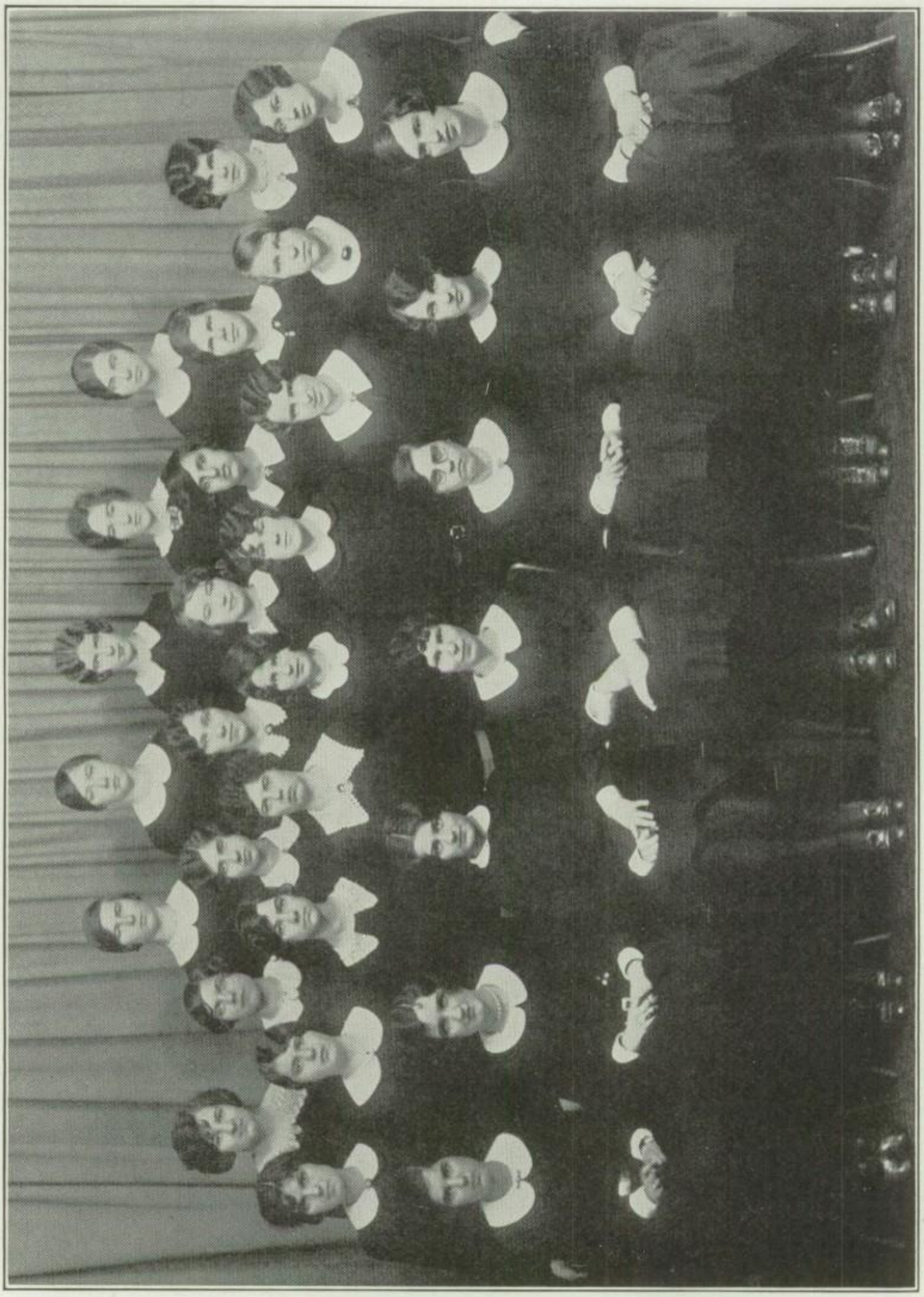
I pray this morn to thee,
  Francis, holy Brother,
That thou wilt pray for me
  To Jesus and Mary Mother.

Francis, I love thy robe
  Like the brown of the warm sod;
Thy sandals poor and plain
  That followed the path to God;
And the beauty of thy face
  So like unto His own,
And the holiness of thy life
  Lived for Him alone.
But Francis, even more
  Than thee of heaven blest,
I love the Holy One,
  Thy soul's eternal Guest.

I pray this morn to thee,
  Francis, holy Brother,
That thou wilt pray for me
  To Jesus and His Mother.

NORMA FOLEY, '28.

RUS
ROM
ORGANIZATIONS
C. Williamson



Senior Annual Board

Board of Editors

Editor-in-Chief ..... LORETTA BEREND
Assistant Editor ..... HELEN LANG
Literary Editor ..... MILDRED BURKE
Poetry Editor ..... BLANCHE ST. PIERRE
Photographic Editor ..... HEDWIGA SILBERSTEIN
Art Editor ..... CATHERINE WILLIAMSON

Humor Editors

KATHERINE HANLEY
KATHERINE MALONEY

Business Managers

RUTH KIRBY
BERNICE OTT
MARY QUIRIN
ANNA VAETH

Associate Editors

JEANNETTE BALLOU
ANNA FISCHETTE
NORMA FOLEY
MARGARET GARDNER
MARION HAEFELE
MARY EVA HENNER
LOUISE HOHENER
HELENE HOPPOUGH
FLORENCE HOWARD
MARY LEARY
MILDRED MAGIN
JEAN MINGES
JULIA NOTHNAGLE
MADELINE O'NEIL
DOROTHY SCHEID
MARGARET TYDINGS
LOIS WEINGARTNER

◈ ◈ ◈

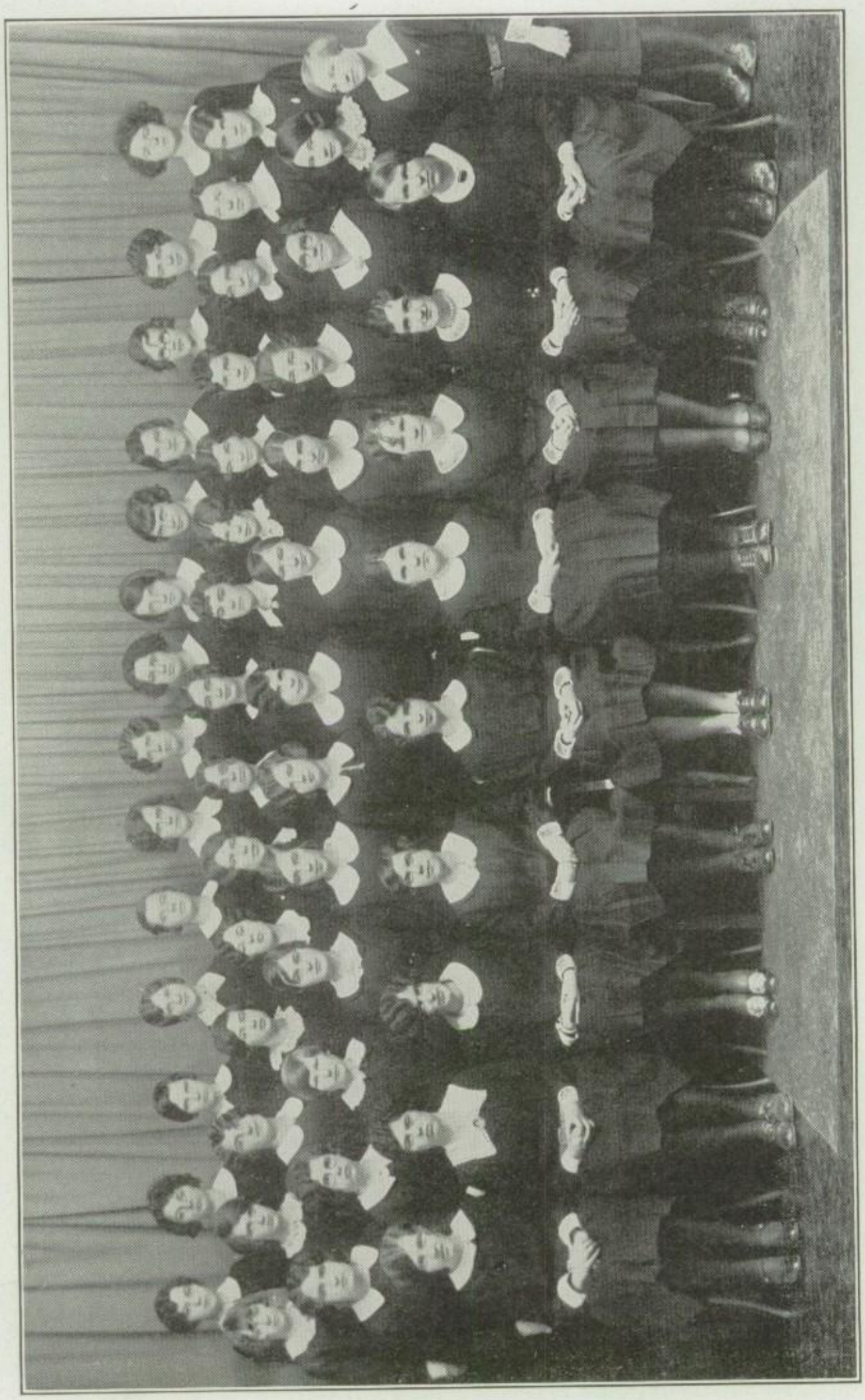
The Song of the Wind

Hark! the wind is singing,
  Is singing in the trees;
It chants now in the poplars,
  Now croons among their leaves.

It hums a nameless melody
  Of wistful, plaintive vein;
It swells in joyous harmony
  Exultant paean strains.
It whispers little secret things
  Unto the satin leaves,
It changes twigs to lyre-strings
  And plays in each stray breeze.

Hark! the wind is singing,
  Is singing in the trees;
I hear the sighing poplars,
  I hear their weeping leaves.

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.



Student Government Council

Student Co-operative Government

After the opening of school in September, it was not long before the familiar, "straight lines, girls," resounded through the corridors. At the election of class officers in October the student government officers were also elected. Lois Attridge was chosen president; Isabelle Rovas, vice-president; and Helene Hoppough, secretary. A few days later the various home rooms elected their prefects and vice-prefects and the association was prepared to function.

Within a week the mechanism of the student government was hitting on every cylinder, with every girl doing her bit to make it a success. At first there was scarcely a jar in the working of the system of order to be maintained; but gradually, as the students' enthusiasm waned, the perfection of discipline diminished. On the whole, however, the student government body has functioned very smoothly, with only an occasional slight friction between the hall marshals and a few talkative or mischievous pupils. One notable achievement that we feel has been accomplished is the order in the cloak rooms.

We wish to thank the student body in general for its hearty support of our endeavor to establish a successful co-operative government system. It is true that we did not reach perfection, but we did our best. Let us hope that future senior classes will show just as much pride in the school spirit and order of discipline as we have tried to show. In unity there is strength and a loyal student body is the joy of every school faculty.

LOIS ATTRIDGE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Dawn

The dawn stole softly o'er the dale,
  And whispered to the slumbering birds;
She touched the brook with magic wand
  And woke the flowers with magic words.

She stirred the pine trees and the poplars,
  She kissed the rose and violet fair;
Then danced away o'er glistening meadows,
  And shook the dewdrops from her hair.

She painted the sky old rose and gold,
  Then vanished with a shout of mirth,
Because the lazy sun had risen
  And cast his beams upon the earth.

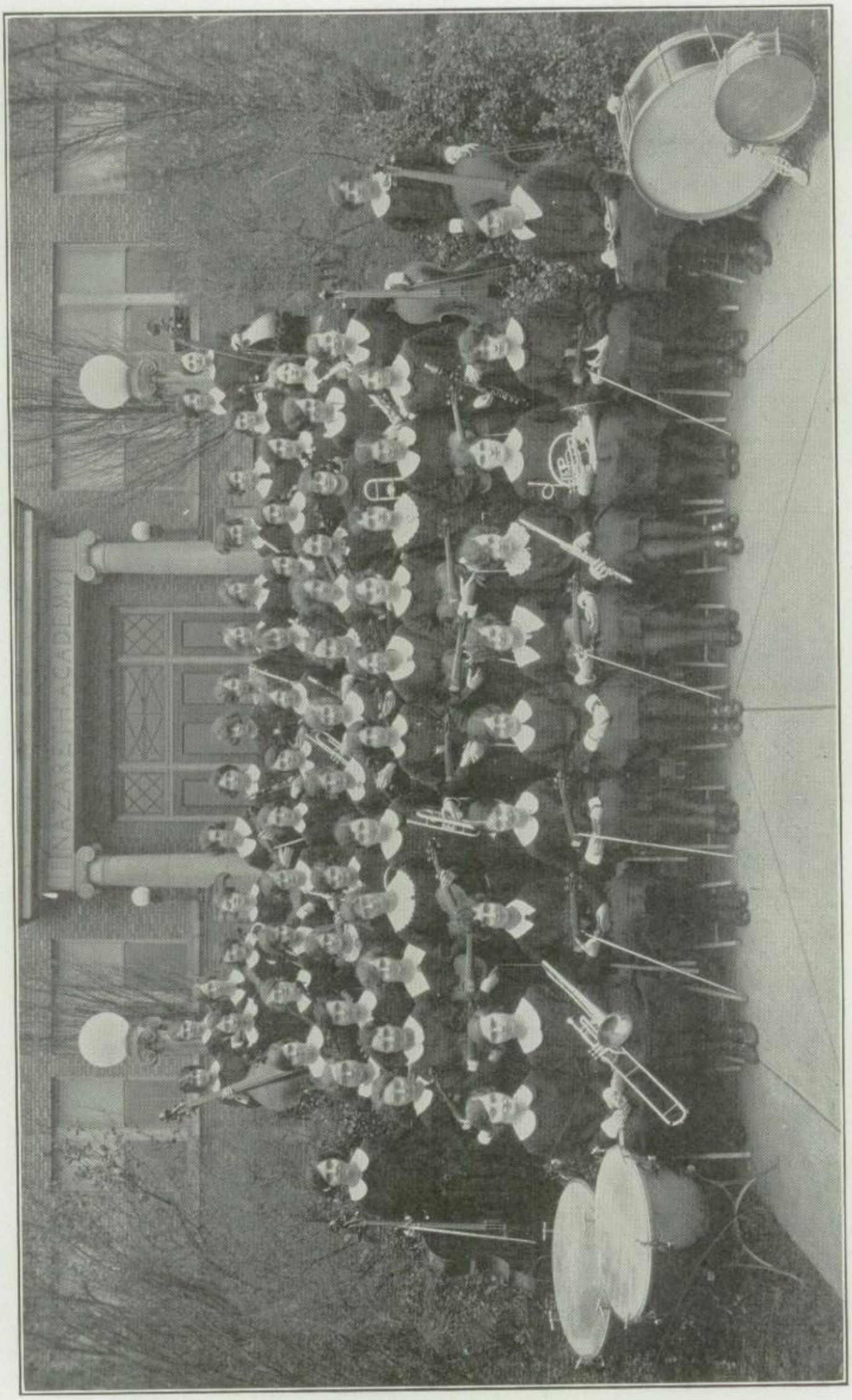
DOROTHY VANVECHTEN, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Sextet

"How silvery your petals are!"
 The rose said to the evening star,
 That shone from its lofty throne.
"But oh!", the silvery beam replied,
"In daytime they are cast aside
 And I am quite alone."

RUTH SLAVIN, '28.



Senior Orchestra

Personnel of Senior Orchestra

MISS GERTRUDE MARCHAND, '28, *Conductor*

First Violin

LILLIAN CLARK, *Concert Master*
MARY O'KANE
MADELINE LABAR
MADELINE McGUIRE
KATHERINE HANLEY
ARLINE McKAGUE
DORETHEA DUBIE
BARBARA HETZLER
RUTH McKENNA
MAE BELLE PHILP
HELEN STEIN
CATHERINE HOCK
JOSEPHINE KOCH
CLAIRE STRICKLAND
MABEL PERDUE
MONA SHEEHAN
LUCILLE VETTER
DOLORES WELCH
ROSE GUIDO

Cellos

MARY AGNES TROY
ANNA DALY
RUTH CUNNINGHAM
KATHERINE DENGEL
ANNA MARIE BURKHART
MARY ELIZABETH FRITCH

Piano

MARION CLARK
FLORENCE KOHLMEIER

Second Violin

ALICE FINK
HELEN KIERAN
DOROTHY EFING
MARION McNAMARA
HELEN DORSEY
ANNA PETROSSI
MARY DOYLE
RUTH REINHART
RITA CRIMMENS
MABEL SECHRIST
MARTINA CALIHAN
ROSE MARY SCHAIRER
GRACE McPHEE
SERAFINE ROMANO
JANETTE STATT

Violas

ALZIRE SIGEL
JESSIE BOYLIN
BETTY BEERS
AGNES MAHAR

Basses

CATHERINE O'HERN
RUTH GAENZLER

Saxaphone

ELEANOR GUNTERT

Harmonium

AGATHA YOUNG

Flutes

LOUISE MAGIN
SUSAN SPACHER
MILDRED SCHEID
PAULINE HAEFELE

Piccolo

AGNES SCHEID

Clarinets

AGNES SMITH
MARY BATES
HELEN McCOOL
ANNA SCHREINER

Horns

ISABELLE ROVAS
ALICE KERR

Trumpets

VIRGINIA CLARK
LILLIAN HORAK
MIRIAM SEABRY

Trombones

FLORENCE HOWARD
EDITH RITZENTHALER
ANGELA MACK

Tympani

MARION O'NEIL

Batterie

MARY LOUISE HOWARD

Nazareth Orchestra

A word concerning the Nazareth Orchestra with its two divisions seems fitting here. The junior orchestra is composed of pupils who attend the various parochial schools of the city, supplemented by others from the lower academic classes. There are some seventy girls in the senior Orchestra, one of the most active organizations of the school, both socially and musically. During the past year the orchestra played at different academy functions, such as school rhetoricals, and school plays. At the Christmas pageant, the beautiful ensemble "Beneath the Holly" was given. However, the greatest event in our musical calendar, the Orchestra Concert, does not take place until May. During National Music Week, the orchestra anticipates giving a number of very fine selections which will include "A Mendelssohn Suite," "Eagle's Nest"

(Continued on page 55)

Medaille Club Officers

Hedwiga Silberstein
President

Katherine Hanley
Vice-President

Mary Simons
Secretary

Mildred Burke
Treasurer

Medaille Club

A memorable day in the annals of our senior career saw the members of the Medaille Club assembled in the auditorium for the election of officers. After the usual deliberation and mild flutter of paper, the ballot resulted in the election of Hedwiga Silberstein, president; Katherine Hanley, vice-president; Mildred Burke, treasurer; and Mary Simons, secretary.

On account of the numerous activities which have arisen during the term and the change in the program of our last period, we have neither been able to hold the desired number of meetings, nor have we enjoyed the usual number of speakers. Rev. Father Byrne, however, honored us with an appropriate discussion on education, its value and whence it derives its beneficent power. We were indeed sorry that brevity of time compelled Father Byrne to make his lecture brief, as his talk attracted the eager attention of his listeners toward certain phases of education. Two months of the scholastic year yet remain, and we hope to secure other speakers before the close of the term.

In great anticipation we await our party which has been planned for the fair month of May. Relying on the competence of the various committees, we may look forward to an assured success. Let us hope that it will bring warm cheer to many a heart and brighten the Spring of our closing year.

HEDWIGA SILBERSTEIN, '28.

(Concluded from page 53)

Overture, "King Rose" Overture, "Hunting Song" and "Three Morris Dances." The outstanding feature of the evening will be the original March composed by Sister Kathleen. The junior orchestra and several soloists will add variety to the program. We are hoping that the audience will pronounce "the Orchestra Concert of 1928" the best ever given on Nazareth stage.

Among the social events of the year was our orchestra party which took place in the fall. A delightful program was given by the various members of the orchestra, and later refreshments were served. This was our first social venture, and it was pronounced a huge success.

GERTRUDE MARCHAND, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Raindrops

The raindrops are the glistening tears
  Of angels throned on high;
And shed when at man's sin they hear
  Their own dear Master sigh.

KATHERINE HANLEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Haunting Melodies

ONE NIGHT this winter past, I suddenly found myself with nothing to do, not even a book to read. The silence of the house was close to appalling, and at length I sought refuge in the radio. When I tuned in, the announcer was just finishing his speech, and all I gathered from it was that an organ recital would be broadcasted, but that I had come a little too late to learn the names of the numbers to be rendered.

In the brief silence that followed the announcement, I was debating whether or not I wished to hear an organ recital, when the sweet strains of Rubenstein's "Melody in F" filled the air. Though played softly, yet the melody carried in it a glowing richness and beauty which crept through the whole house. As I listened, I thought of the mighty struggle this great composer, who was second only to Liszt, had endured with poverty, and before my mind flashed a question: would the strong, impulsive nature which gave to Rubenstein a peculiar place among his contemporaries and which lives in all his works, find fame in a richer measure among posterity?

My pondering was suddenly interrupted, for all too soon the lovely melody ceased. Not knowing what was yet in store for me, I was lamenting this fact; then, even more softly and slowly than the former selection, came that exquisite lullaby, aglow with all Nevin's original and artistic taste. I closed my eyes, and there sat before me the dear old mammy, holding the loving babe in her arms and crooning so sweetly and lowly,

"Don' know what to call him,
  But he's mighty lak' a rose."

The soothing refrain pictured the great love of a mammy for her child, a love as tender and lasting as a mother's own.

And then came the most beautiful, the most lingering, of all; for, oh so sweetly and softly, yet enriched with the deep, full tone of the organ, there floated through the air, the sweet, haunting strains of "Liebestraum." They caught at my heart-strings and seemed to awaken an indescribable yearning. This nocturne, which only a love as great as Liszt's own could compose, was surely the outpouring of an overflowing heart, and I wondered that any human heart could harbor such a noble theme, such a "Dream of Love."

Slowly the last, lingering strain drifted away and, fearing lest anything might come to disturb such peace and quiet as I then felt, I shut off the radio, but not the memory; for that still haunts my inmost thought and heart—an afterglow that will not fade.

LOUISE DOYLE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Oak

No power to move this ponderous trunk is mine,
I cannot seek new lands nor fairer clime;
Nor can I travel gayly towards the sea
Like yon fair brook that ever pities me.

But all my own the robin's morning song,
The sight of feathered folk in myriad throng,
The golden oriole's dartings here and there,
The cosy nests that in my arms I bear;

The playful breeze that rustles strangely sweet,
The little flowers growing 'round my feet,
The moon's soft glow, the smiling of the sky;
I may not move, but happiness great have I.

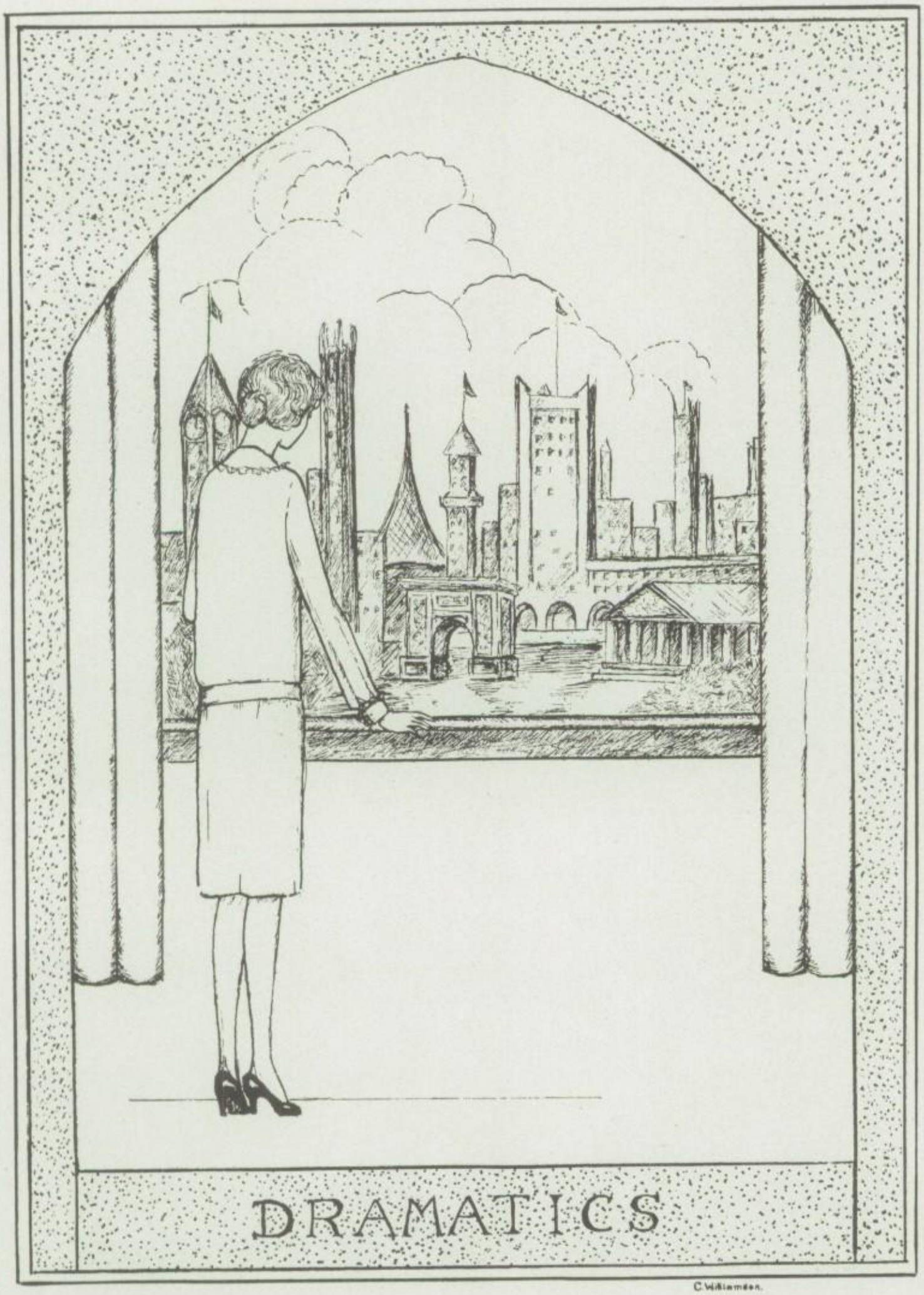
BLANCHE ST. PIERRE, '28.

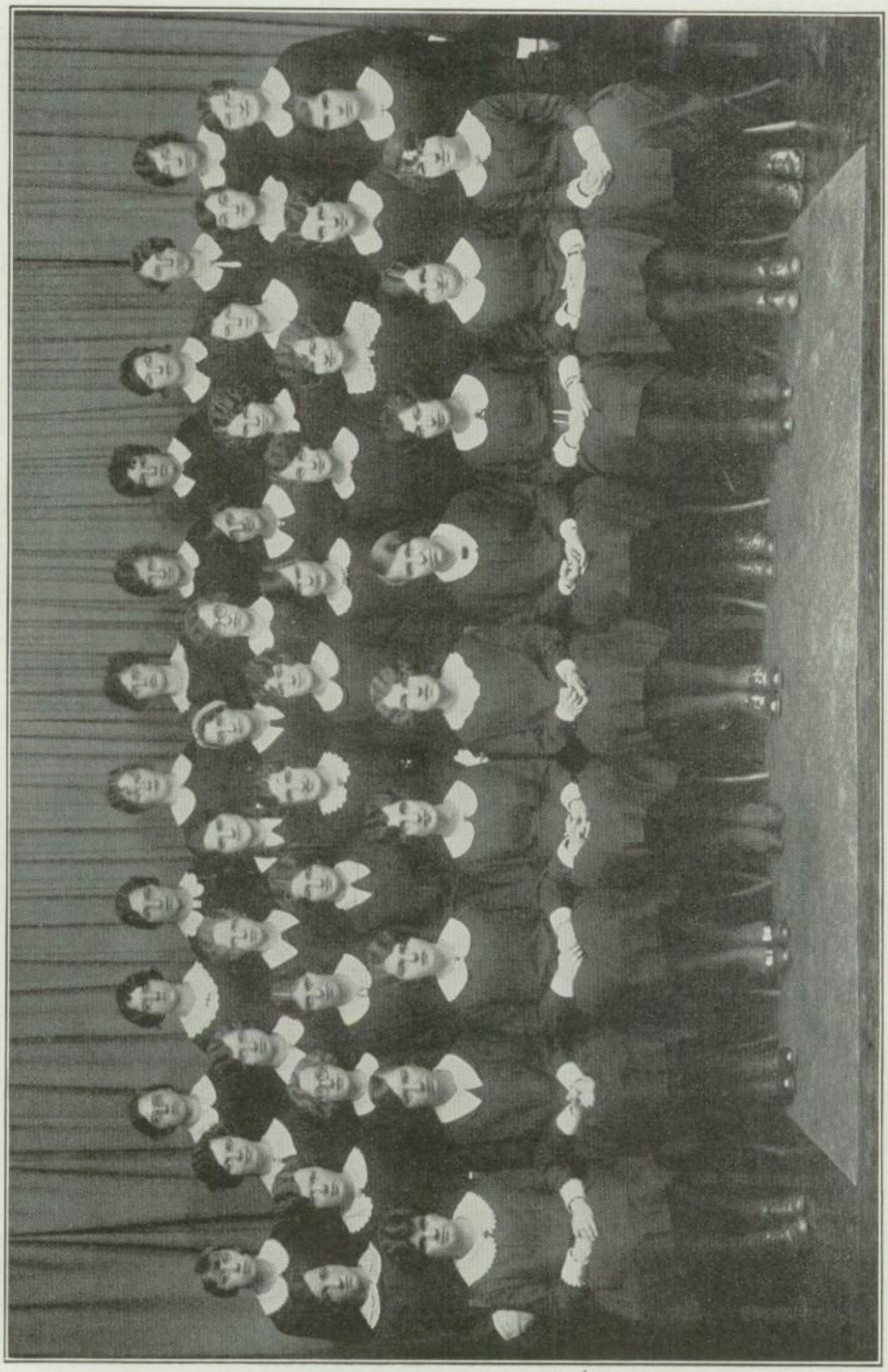
◈ ◈ ◈

Urchin's Song

There's a white light falling
From the moon;
There's a rag-man calling
His trade to boon;
There's a black bat flapping
In the shutter;
There's a sea gull napping
In the gutter;
There's a pickanniny singing
'Cross the way;
There's a brass bell ringing
On the bay;
There's a sound of a rocking
Like the wide waves' roar,
It's the apple peddler knocking
At my door.

JEAN KELLY, '28.


DRAMATICS
C. Williamson.



CAST: *"Christmas Pageant"*

CAST: *"A Russian Romance"*

Dramatics

"A RUSSIAN ROMANCE."

A new feature was introduced into senior dramatics this year with the presentation of two senior plays instead of one. That the undertaking was a success may be judged from the enthusiastic audiences of both evenings. Despite the fact that the student body had seen the second play in an afternoon production, the attendance was quite large.

The first play, "A Russian Romance," was given on the evening of April 16. The story itself is gripping, and during the presentation, even in the least dramatic spots, the interest of the audience never waned. The play is a story of intrigue and romance, whose scenes are laid amidst the splendors of Washington society in the home of a senator and at the Russian embassy. Mlle. Sans Nom, a Russian refugee, arrives at the Captial and becomes a governess in the home of Senator Willner. Several months later, on calling day, she is recognized by an old friend, who invites her to the Russian embassy. Mlle. Sans Nom, who is in reality a Siberian exile, goes to call on her friend at the legation, where an enemy spies on her and threatens to expose her. She is saved from being deported by her hostess, the wife of the Russian Ambassador, and her enemy is silenced by the evidence of incriminating papers, whose contents would disgrace her if disclosed.

Blanche St. Pierre, as Mlle. Sans Nom, played her part remarkably well. Her power to hold the audience was evident throughout the play. When she told the bedtime story to her little charge, Lorna, the audience awaited with interest the reaction of the child. Irene Anderson, as Lorna, the six-year old daughter of the senator, was natural and charming and won the hearts of the whole audience. Mary Eva Henner made a charming debutante, while Bernice Ott, as Mrs. Willner, deserves great praise for her fine portrayal of the matronly role. Dolores Clark impersonated the wife of the Russian ambassador very realistically and cleverly, while Jeanette Ballou, our dainty Jeanette, enacted the villain's role with more than amateur artistry.

Probably the most spectacular scenes in the play were those of calling day at Senator Willner's. A bevy of young girls, richly gowned in various colored dresses, made a sight to delight the most artistic eye.

For the success of the two plays, great credit is due to our teacher of dramatics, who worked untiringly and unceasingly to make the two presentations as perfect and artistic as possible.

ROSEMARY SCHIFFERLI, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

"CYNTHIA LOOKS AHEAD"

The second senior play, "Cynthia Looks Ahead," has its setting for the prologue and epilogue in a room of an American college during commencement week. It is the story of a girl torn between duty and ambition, between domestic life and a brilliant stage career. Success in a career offering fame and the delight of public favor, looms up before her. On the other hand, there is a childhood friend who now seeks to gain her hand and an invalid father to whom she is in duty bound. She is undecided whether to sacrifice her own pleasure for her father's sake, or to follow a successful career to which she has every right. While her mind is thus perturbed, she falls into a reverie in which she sees herself—ten years later—a great actress, an undeniable favorite, and yet dissatisfied. She seems to have achieved the goal she so greatly desired, yet she does not enjoy peace of mind because of the duty she has shirked. When she awakens, she makes her decision and chooses the noble part of sacrificing her golden opportunity for a seemingly commonplace duty.

Virginia Erdle, in the title role, lived the part of Cynthia in her vivid portrayal of the college graduate at the crossroads of life. Marion O'Neil, as a society woman, played with her usual ease and the finesse of a professional. Dorothy Scheid, as a suffrage leader, was amazingly serious and not the "Dot" we know, the "Dot" of the perpetual smile. Hedwiga Silberstein with her charming naivete, was literally the charming Rosebud whom she impersonated. The audience was given one laugh after another by Mildred Burke, who played to perfection the role of a nervous society woman. Prominent parts were also taken by Lois Attridge, Mary Jennings, Jane Culp and Berenice Gillenkirk, supported by others of a well trained cast.

JEANETTE BALLOU, '28.

CAST: *"Cynthia Looks Ahead"*

A Word of Thanks

In the name of the Class of 1928, I wish to express our deep sense of gratitude to Sister Marcella, our esteemed Principal, who has so wisely directed us throughout our high school course; to Sister Beatrice whose many acts of kindness we have all experienced; to our Reverend Instructors in religion; to our teachers of science, mathematics, history and the languages; to our instructors in vocal expression and singing—to each and all of them who have so zealously labored for our success individually and collectively, we owe an immense debt of gratitude.

Our thanks are also due to Mrs. Schrader and her assistants, without whose generous help we could not have succeeded so well with our social activities.

To the underclassmen, we would also express our appreciation for their support in all our undertakings. That they, in turn, may experience the good will and co-operation of those who follow them, is our most earnest wish.

DOLORES CLARK, '28.

CAST: *"The Outsider"*

"The Outsider"

On the last day of April, the Commercial Seniors gave a one-act play, "The Outsider." The story centers about Leslie Long, a seemingly snobbish girl. The play opens with three members of the basketball team, Alice, Harriet and Edith, very indignantly discussing the predicament of Josie, a freshman and star player on the team. Josie failed to pass her regular examinations and, a few hours before the big game, is called to take another exam in French. Margaret, the captain of the team, finds the girls in very low spirits and, while they are discussing the possibility of Josie's passing, she herself brings the disheartening news of her failure. A discussion as to who shall take Josie's place follows. Alice wants Helen Ward; Margaret's preference lies with Leslie Long, who plays a better game, and the other girls vote for Leslie Long merely because Margaret wants her. Leslie agrees to play and then for some reason unknown to the girls changes her mind. Margaret and Leslie have a good talk at the end of which Margaret realizes how much it would mean to Leslie to play. As the team goes out Margaret pretends to sprain her ankle and Leslie is forced to take her place. While the game is going on, Phyllis, Leslie's sister, comes to the college and tells Margaret many things concerning Leslie and her affairs which before had been puzzling. Of course, Leslie wins the game, the girls are very enthusiastic over her playing and the outsider is an outsider no more.

The part of Leslie was played by Dorothy Papineau. Lillian Fess, as Josie, made a very tearful and disconsolate freshman. Loretta and Betty, as Edith and Harriet, were typical college girls. Thelma as Alice was sarcastic and almost heartless toward the much-sinned against Leslie. Helene filled her role to perfection, that of Margaret, captain of the team, and well-loved by all the girls. Frances played the part of Phyllis, the invalid sister of Leslie. The prologue was but a glimpse into the life of the pupils at Marlowe College. Angeline, Helen, Louise and the two Mary's all did their bit to create atmosphere for the rest of the play.

DOROTHY PAPINEAU, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Our Parties

ON the Friday before Hallowe'en the seniors had their first party as a senior class. The gymnasium, decorated for the occasion in black, yellow and orange, was a colorful scene of fun and gaiety. When the audience, including nearly all of the members of the faculty, had assembled, the program prepared for the party was given. The first number, a silent melodrama, was unique. Lois Attridge read the libretto of the play and immediately the fun began. Hedwiga Silberstein was Maggie, the heroine; while Lois Weingartner played the part of Patrick, the lover. The curtains were Rosemary Schifferli and Grace Murray; the stairs, Mary Claire O'Shea; the sun, Virginia Erdle; the hours, Mary Feeney; evening shadows, Florence Howard; horizon, Louise Doyle. Helen Lang made a fine maid and Julia Nothnagle a perfect villain. From beginning to end, the little play kept the audience in peals of laughter. There were several other numbers on the program, including a duet by Katherine Hanley and Jane Culp, in which their sweet voices blended beautifully. The "Two Black Crows" were with us in the persons of Marion Haefele and Marion O'Neil.

After the program refreshments were served. That the girls on the committee did their part to perfection, everybody who tasted the delicious pumpkin pie, the cake, candy and other goodies, declared. When the party broke up, we felt very well satisfied with its success. Indeed it was a fine party and our reputation as entertainers was established. What say!

The Valentine Party, however, was our biggest social event of the year. A special privilege granted to us by Sister Marcella, of holding the entertainment in the auditorium, enabled us to invite the underclassmen, who responded in large numbers. The curtain rose revealing four girls, Mildred Burke, Virginia Erdle, Helen Lang and Mary Alice Hayes, seated at a table playing bridge. Soon the radio (Marion Haefele) was heard announcing Station S. A. P. announcing. The first number was a "Peek into the Little Red School House." Lo and behold! a number of school children trotted out on the stage and the experiment of radio-vision had begun. Rita Kier made a perfect school marm, although her pupils, Katherine Hanley, Elsie Strebler, Ruth Kirby, Katherine Maloney and Julia Nothnagle, were anything but angelic. The next number was a bedtime story in which Blanche St. Pierre was cut short by a series of shrieks and howls caused by static (really it

was only those back-stage men who made the noise). Mlle. Clark next rendered a few popular numbers on her violin and was met with such a burst of applause that she was obliged to come out in an encore. Miss Catherine Williamson was next announced and she made a very pretty colleen as she sang, in her sweet voice, "Mavourneen." After several other beautiful selections by celebrated artists (really our own girls), the grand finale came, as we thought, with the announcer's stating that the audience was now to be carried back to the old South in the presentation of "A Bit of Maryland." The girls were dressed in southern costumes and their songs, especially the duet "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny," were beautifully rendered. "One more number," called out the announcer and we were immediately transported to China, right in front of a Chinese laundry establishment, where our little Hedwiga and Marion O'Neil were busily engaged in laundry work, but with such dire results as provoked much laughter.

A few minutes later the seniors were in the gym having a good time eating homemade cake and delicious ice cream. All our parties begin with a program and end with the serving of sweets. To the girls on the several committees, our thanks are due for the way in which they helped to make everything a success.

MARION O'NEIL, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Erin

Where the shamrocks all are growing
And the streams of silver flow,
Where the fairies all are dancing
Oh! it's there I long to go.

Where the hearts are young and merry
And the skies are ever blue
O my land of joy and gladness,
I'm thinking, yes of you.

'Twas long years ago I left you
When I sauntered forth alone
And thought that I would never miss
My sweet old Irish home.

But now since I have wandered
To foreign lands and shores,
There comes to me a yearning
To return again once more.

And never would I leave you,
Nor sigh for sights once seen,
But thank the God Who fashioned
My little isle of green.

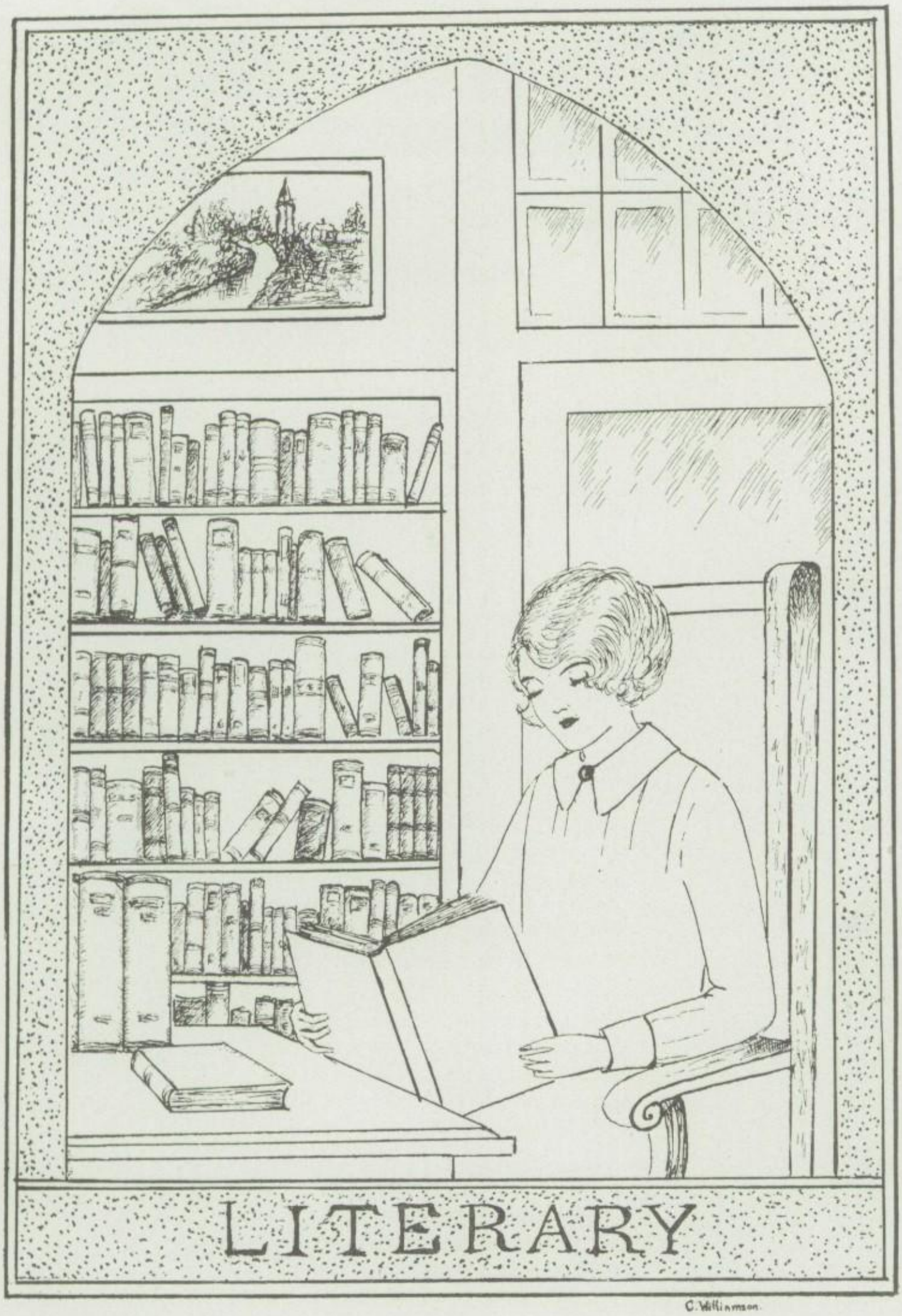
K. HANLEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Ship

I rock, I roll, I heave, I leap
Within my watery bed;
I make the silvery whitecaps weep
Against my sides of lead.

ROSANA BARSON, '28.


LITERARY
C. Williamson

Memories

Do you remember the cottage
With the roses and the daisies
  Growing near the garden gate;
And the little purple pansies
  Peeking shyly and sedate?
    Do you remember?

Do you remember the cottage
With the little gable roof
  All o'erlaid with ivy green;
And the smoke that was a proof
  Of a cosy fire within?
    Do you remember?

Do you remember the cottage
With the lovely Dorothy Perkins
  Climbing up above the eaves;
And the snowy, fluffy curtains
  Blowing gently in the breeze?
    Do you remember?

Do you remember the cottage
With the juicy apple tarts
  Lying on the sill to cool;
And the cookies shaped like hearts,
  That we used to take to school?
    Do you remember?

Do you remember the cottage
With the dear old Morris chair
  Placed before the open grate;
And the box that was the lair
  Where old Tabby met his fate?
    Do you remember?

Do you remember the cottage
And the sweet one that would meet us
  At the open kitchen door,
And with many a kiss would greet us
  In those happy days of yore?
    Do you remember?

BLANCHE ST. PIERRE, '28.

The Pearl

Glowing with shy blush of early roses,
Creamy with the hue of ivory,
Shining faintly with the green of mosses,
Glistening with the salt tears of the sea;
Were you near when God formed the first coral,
Whence you stole the color newly made?
Were you tinted by the soft sea mosses,
Caught within the meshes of their shade?

"All the artistry of dawn's first breaking,
In the fragile loveliness I bear,
Is the fruit of God's designed creating;
He planned all the glory that I wear.
He it was Who put the dainty color
Deep within my globe of clouded light,
Blending it with rose and mellow ivory,
Glinting it with sea-washed tints, tear-bright."

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Little Brook

Water, water,
Laughing water,
Bubbling in the shallows;
Water, water,
Whispering water,
Hiding in the hollows!

Little fountains underground,
Playing hide and seek;
Little brooklets bursting forth
Dance with twinkling feet.
Widening streams flow through the fields,
Whispering to the flowers;
Little rivers gently glide
Past cool leafy bowers;
Winged rivers sweeping on
In delightful motion;
Mighty floods rush onward, downward,
Down to meet the ocean.

Water, water,
Noisy water,
Playing in the shallows;
Water, water,
Quiet water,
Resting in the hollows!

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

June

June is here with her golden hair,
  Her eyes of heavenly blue,
Her flowers of crimson richness sweet,
  That beckon and call to you.

MELANIE TAYLOR, '28.

To My Mother

O Mother dear, I love you,
Yes love you for so much,—
Your kindness and your sweetness,
Your ever loving touch;
Your gentleness, your scoldings,
Your weary moments too,
The persevering patience
That is a part of you.

HELEN LANG, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To My Father

O Daddy dear, I love you,
Yes love you dearly too,—
For all your strength and firmness,
Your willingness to do;
Your eagerness, your strivings,
Your weariness at night,
Your ever present longing
To do that which is right.

HELEN LANG, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To My Baby Brother

Little roly-poly chap,
  Full of life and joy,
When your dimpled hands you clap,
  I am glad that you're my boy.

When you part your pretty lips
  In that smile so sweet,
Who could help but love you dear,
  Little darling at my feet.

Oh the wonder that is yours,
  Shining from your eyes,—
Like the sunlight's golden beam
  Glistening from God's azure skies.

When you kiss us all good night,
  And your day is done,
How we miss your cherub face
  Smiling 'neath your curls gold-spun.

HELEN LANG, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Dawn

When the sun peeps out from the East,
  And glistening waters glide o'er the earth;
When the birds are gathering their morning feast,
  And trees sway gently in gleesome mirth;
When all night's spirit is on the wane,
  Then lovely dawn begins to reign.

ANNA VAETH, '28.

Cloud

Why do I stay? Why sail the heaven's blue?
Why form the raindrops small and white?
Why send fresh showers to the earth in blight?
Why should I stay? God's holy will to do.

MELANIE TAYLOR, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To My Mother in Heaven

Sometimes it comes with the setting sun
As I gaze toward the west when the day is done;
Sometimes it comes with the pale, clear light
Of the dying moon in the sky at night;
So often it comes, that empty pain,
And my heart speaks the word, again and again,
Mother, Mother!

Sometimes it comes with a soft cool breeze
That brings to my ears through the leaves on the trees,
The word I love, that sacred name,
The light of my life, my heart's sole claim.
And there echoes within me the answering cry
That is borne by the wind, up, up through the sky,
Mother, Mother!

L'ENVOI

Though clouds hide the light from the smiling sky,
Great silver stars are riding high,
The stars—her loving eyes that shine
With a Light that is mirrored from Love Divine.

RITA KIER, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mammy

I heard a banjo strumming slow
As mammy sang in accents low,
A smile, a teardrop in her eye,
A thought of days now long gone by.
I heard a banjo strumming slow
As mammy crooned in accents low.

ARLINE MCKAGUE, '28.

Do You Suppose?

Do you suppose
The butterfly with wings iridescent,
Now flitting from rose to odorous crescent,
And drinking the nectar of the blushing rose,
Is a messenger sent God's work to disclose,
Do you suppose?

BETTY PURCHASE, '28.

The Latin Tongue

Down through the mists of ages
The musical Latin has spread,
The blessings of years upon it,
The holy voice of the dead.
Each morn when the mists have parted
And earth with dew is pearled,
At thousands of white-covered altars
In a thousand parts of the world,
The Sacrifice is offered
As once on Calvary,
And the sacrificial victim
Is raised for you and me.
'Tis the priest's low prayer in Latin,
Which changes the bread and wine
To the Body and Blood of Jesus,
In the Sacrament Divine.

BERNICE GILLENKIRK, '28.

Only a Seed

I was once but a tiny seed planted in the ground,
Just a tiny little seed, by a farmer found;
And each morn the sun came up over hillocks green,
And many an eve it set again before my head was seen.

I first began to look above and watch the azure sky,
The fleecy clouds that flecked the arch, like sheep were passing by;
On other days the sun stayed in, and threatening clouds hung low,
And sparkling raindrops kissed my face, and helped to make me grow.

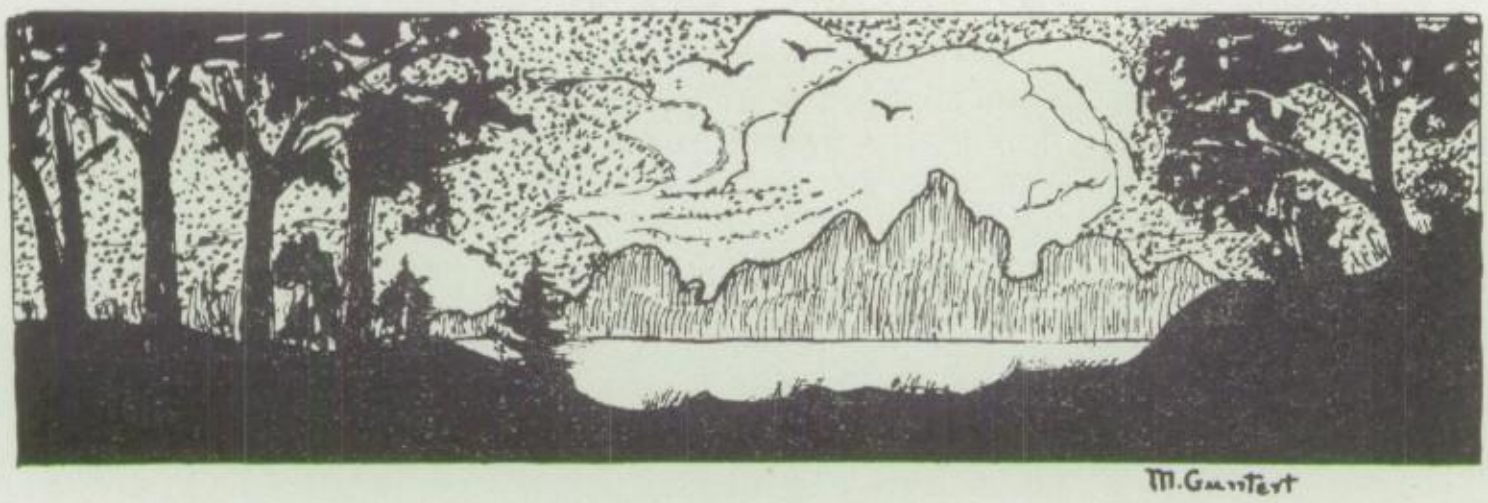
I grew and grew, and one bright day the farmer came to reap;
Then all was blank, my days were passed in happy, peaceful sleep;
When I awoke as in a dream, the sun was shining bright,
Behold, a maiden sweet I saw, agleam in heaven's light.

Many a blissful day I passed, I was now a thread of her gown;
I loved to be with this maiden fair whose lips were sweet as dawn,
Her hair was like the mellow moon, her eyes the deepest blue,
And from her soft and gentle lips came sweetest words and true.

But Oh, that hour I'll ne'er forget, when all was soft and still,
This virgin knelt in rapturous prayer, when from the window-sill,
An angel straight from heaven sent, did whisper to her low
"Hail full of grace;" what heavenly bliss Mary then did know!

I was once but a tiny seed robed in cloak of brown,
But I was also one of the threads of our Blessed Lady's gown.

MURIEL GUNTERT, '28.



A Gaelic Monody

When in a dewy pall
  Shaneen, mine own,
Tears of the sad skies fall
  Shaneen, mine own;
When the dim shadows gray
And the pale mists fade away
Into the glare of day,
    I call thee
    Ever softly,
    Shaneen.

When in the morn's gold light,
  Shaneen, mine own,
Smiles of the skies seem bright,
  Shaneen, mine own;
When the deep vales ring,
With the songs elves sing
And the faint echoes cling,
    I call thee
    Ever softly,
    Shaneen.

When as the night's black veil,
  Shaneen, mine own,
Shrouds all the quiet dale,
  Shaneen, mine own;
When the wee fairies gay
Lure mortal men away,
As we Gaels say,
    I call thee
    Ever softly,
    Shaneen.

I shall not mourn for thee,
  Shaneen, mine own,
I shall not weep for thee
  Shaneen, mine own;
For on the battle's plain
When Erin's men were slain,
Fighting for the right to gain,
    God called thee
    So softly,
    Shaneen.

NORMA FOLEY, '28.

To Mother

O eyes that beam so lovingly,
The dearest to my sight;
O lips that speak so hopefully,
As they quiver, smile, then part;
O wondrous halo of limpid gold,
A treasure too dear to buy;
An image on my heart you mold,
Too precious far to die.

O mind whose thoughts enrapture me,
And make me wish to learn;
O love as deep as the deep blue sea,
A haven to which I may turn;
O spirit that always senses right,
And speeds good on its way,—
O Mother mine, can love requite
The debt that I would pay?

VIRGINIA ERDLE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Tempus Fugit

Fleeting youth, be quick and take
All the moon-beams from the moon,
All the precious pebbles strewn
Here beside the melting lake.

Snatch the rainbows from the skies,
From their fading fabrics choose
All the softest, sweetest hues,
Rub them in your wistful eyes.

Spread your gold, dream-woven net,
Catch the tired, falling stars
That have broken heaven's bars
At your wish, nor with regret.

And leave not the sunset there
Hanging o'er the dusty town,
Tear it gently, softly down,
Braid its brilliance in your hair.

Let no thought of worldly fear
Rob you of your charms so sweet,
All your gifts place at God's feet;
Oh! be quick, Time's price is dear.

JEAN KELLY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

My Garden

I think that I should like to have
A garden bright with flowers,
Of pink and blue and crimson red,
All massed in tangled bowers.
I think that I should like to hear
A fountain rise and fall,
And tinkle everlastingly
Within my garden wall. JEAN MINGES, '28.

Spring

A dainty, sprightly little maid,
Comes tripping o'er the hill,
Transforming all, retouching all,
Refreshing all at will.

A pink bud here, a white bud there,
She rouses them with skill;
The feathered songsters hear her call
And set the woods a-trill.

The new-born flowers push their heads
Through soil warmed by her breath;
And merry brooklets babble on
Rejoicing, freed from death.

HELEN LANG, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Spring Violets

When walking through the woods I spied
Some violets dainty, baby-eyed;
I gathered them full tenderly
And brought them home to live with me.

But timid, small and frail were they,
And lonely for their woodland bed,
Till one by one each tiny flower
Withered and drooped its head.

They missed the sunlight of God's smile,
The fragrant breath of heaven's air;
And Heaven missed each little heart
That raised itself aloft in prayer.

RITA KIER, '28.

To Mother

The rose and the white
  At the dawn of each day,
The bright star at night
  That illumines my way,
The lark that is soaring,
  The slim graceful tree,
"Whatever hath beauty
  Reminds me of thee."

K. HANLEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To My Little Sister

A bit of God's own sunshine
  And some of heaven's blue;
A loving heart, a cheery smile,
  And we have—you.

A blossom sent from Paradise
  To flower here you seem,
A gift of God's own making,
  Fulfillment of a dream.

A tiny little girl today,
  Who frolics with her toys,
While always running here and there
  In search of some new joys.

A woman, sweet and gentle,
  Tomorrow shall she be,
But young or old, my sister will
  Be always dear to me.

K. HANLEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Tea Party

Baby Joan is pouring tea
For her little dollies three;
First a cup for Mary Ann,
Then another for Peter Pan.

Dolly Doris, so very fair,
With eyes that shut and curly hair,
Receives her cup as you may see
With charming grace and dignity.

Joan sips her tea just so,
Crooks her little finger low,
Chats and bobs her golden curls,
Showing teeth just like pearls.

What a charming hostess she,
Baby Joan not yet three!
Charming in her childish grace,
Winsome ways and angel face!

MADELINE MCGUIRE, '28.

Nocturne

The maiden moon in bridal white
Walks the velvet aisle of night,—
Coiffed in a cloud of silver sheen,
Caught with stars of diamond gleam.

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Twilight

Twilight shadows softly stealing
  O'er the rippling waters wide,
Evening bells come mellow, pealing,
  Down the drowsy countryside.
Starlets peep through night's dark shadows,
  Liquid notes float on the air—
Moonbeams fall on silver meadows,
  Hark! the nightingale 's at prayer.

ANNA VAETH, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Star

(*Triolet*)

I saw a star in shining flight
When moon-jeweled waters plashed the night,
And then 'twas gone, a flaming sight.
I saw a star in shining flight
And thought perchance God's candle light
Had fallen from its holder bright.
I saw a star in shining flight
When moon-jeweled waters plashed the night.

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

Spring

When the days grow warm and the golden sun
  Melts the snow and ice;
When darkness comes later and daylight comes early,
  And living seems very nice—
  Then Spring is here!

When little green buds appear on the trees,
  To blossom, and perfume the air;
When violets are seen near the brooks,
  And sprouts come out everywhere—
  Then Spring is here!

When the robin with joy returns to his nest,
  On the branch of a flowering tree;
When he flies on the ground and hops all around,
  To sing for you and for me—
  Then Spring is here!

When we all gather round and together give thanks
  To God for taking good care
Of His wandering children, in cold winter months
  When the North wind chilled all the air—
  Then Spring is here!

ANNA FISCHETTE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To Alma Mater

We love the name of Nazareth,
  It has a magic way
Of bringing golden happiness
  Into each golden day;
We love the name of Nazareth,
  It is a treasure true,
Because the name of Nazareth
  Is our own name for you.

ROSEMARY BUCKLEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Company Manners

The sky's gowned daintily in blue,
The glorious sun is smiling through;
The winds are blowing their softest breeze,
A shimmering light is on the seas.
The birds are singing their sweetest songs,
The world is laughing and forgetting its wrongs;
These are Nature's company manners,
Put on at sight of spring's first banners.

ARLINE POMEROY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Midnight

A distant bell doth toll the solemn hour
  And all breathes quiet, rest, and peace; but soon
The darkling shadows fade from hills and vales
  As swiftly o'er the earth rides the young moon.

JULIA NOTHNAGLE, '28.

A Romance

Tired and weary and stiff and still,
A bird stood on a window sill;

The wild wind blew with its icy sleet
And he shivered as it stung his trembling feet.

But his eyes peered through the window-pane,
And he thought that it was summer again;

For there stood a paper rose in a vase,
And he knew that he saw a smile on her face.

Then just as she nodded for him to come in,
His feathers were ruffled as they never had been;

He looked once more, but naught did he say,
And morning found him miles away.

LILLIAN FESS, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Genesee

White and blue and green and red,
  Smooth, then rippling, then a leap,
Splashing, dashing, swirling waters
  Plunging down in chaos deep.

Hamlets fair and valleys green
  You pass by so rapidly,
Ever youthful, never old,
  You're our own dear Genesee.

Have you sighted rest untold
  In the foaming, briny sea;
Are you hastening toward that goal,
  Symbol of eternity?

ARLINE MCKAGUE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Spring

From out my latticed window sill
  I gazed upon the morn,
And saw a sight that thrilled my heart,
  And laughed sad thoughts to scorn;
Before me in that vast expanse,
  To fill me with delight
Was Spring, fair Spring, who silently
  Had come within the night.

BLANCHE ST. PIERRE, '28.

Cead Mille Failthe

A hundred thousand welcomes
To Jesus, Lord and King!
A hundred thousand aves
To Thee my soul doth bring.

A hundred thousand pardons,
I beg of Thee, my Guest;
A hundred thousand favors
Make now my bold request.

A hundred thousand mercies
Upon the world, I cry;
A hundred thousand loving souls
Be Thine when they shall die.

A hundred thousand holy ones
Come close unto Thy throne!
A hundred thousand sinners
Find in Thy Heart a Home!

A hundred thousand welcomes!
I'll say it o'er and o'er;
A hundred thousand from my heart,
Dear God, for evermore.

NORMA FOLEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Adoramus Te

Friend of those to be consoled,
Giver of gifts, a hundredfold,
Guardian of souls through night and day,
Light of those who tend to stray—
Adoramus Te.

Strength of martyrs in days of old,
Source of miracles we all behold,
Help of those who plead with Thee,
Father of all humanity,
Adoramus Te.

MARY FEENEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Communion

Ah! my soul is burning with yearning,
Yearning for the morn;
When life's great Boon will come to me,
God's precious Gift, sweet Mystery!
Ah! my soul is burning with yearning,
Yearning for the morn.

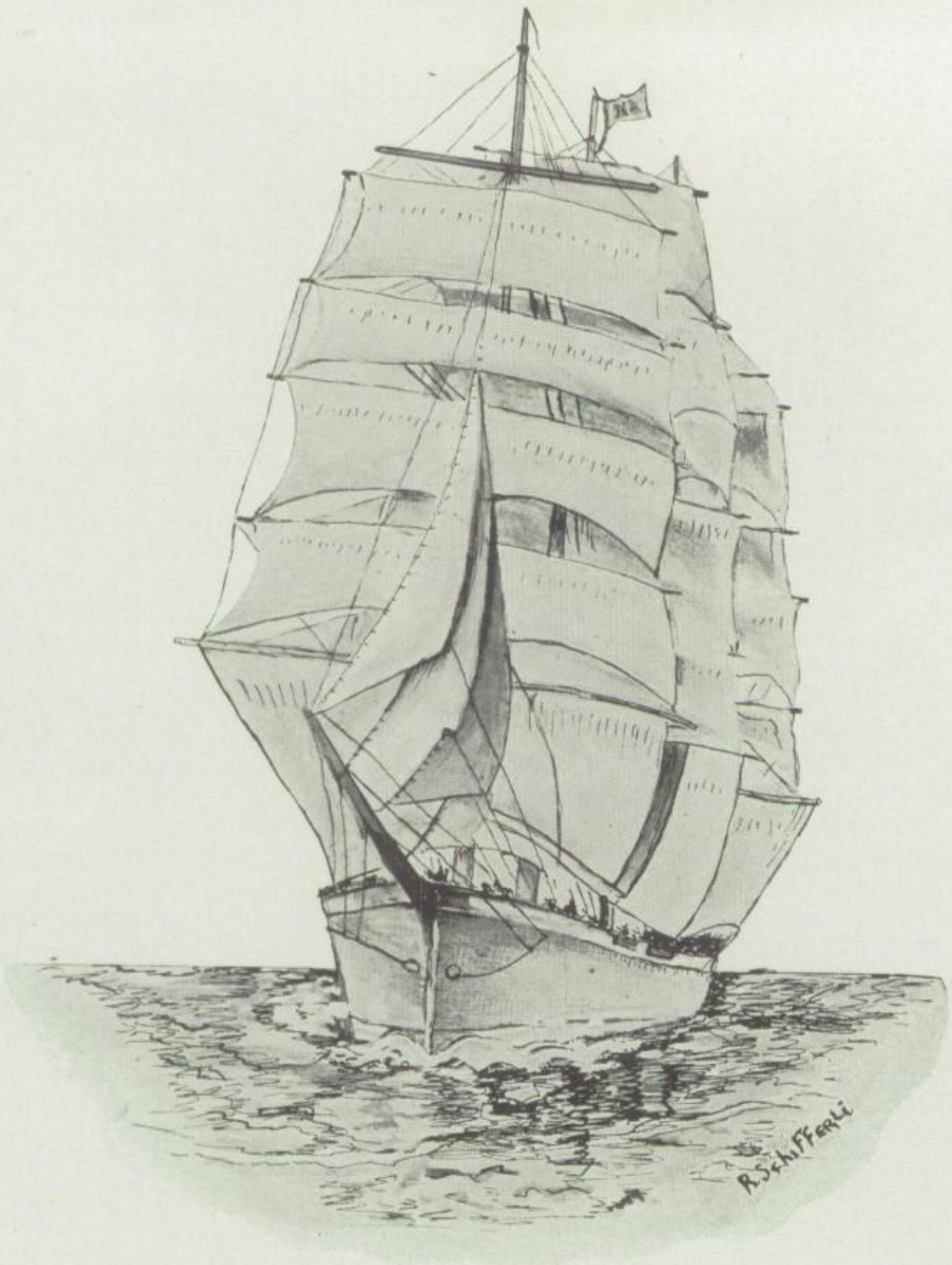
BLANCHE ST. PIERRE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Quatrain

A glowing beam from the heavens above
To brighten hearts below;
For in this tiny sunbeam stored
Is Love for high and low.

ROSANA BARSON, '28.



Departure

A soft, calm breeze is blowing
As our barks set out to sea;
The gentle wavelets rolling,
Whisper hope to you and me.

No threatening clouds hang o'er us
As we leave the well-loved shore;
The sun all gloom dispelling
With its rays of spangled ore.

The future looms both clear and bright,
No clouds its brilliance dim;
If we but guide our barks aright,
The port of heaven we'll win.

JULIA NOTHNAGLE, '28.

Fanny Burney

PERHAPS no other era, with the exception of the great Shakespearean age, brought to English literary circles more cherished geniuses and mighty men of letters than the eighteenth century. It was an age literally teeming with versatility of accomplishment; every prominent social circle boasted of poets, essayists, historians, artists, actors, musicians and other devotees of the muses. Indeed, it was an age when the artistic nature of one man met and recognized that of another. As we glance over the names of those men and women who made the age so memorable, we find first the great name of Samuel Johnson, for whom the age was named; then in turn we recognize the names of David Garrick, the gay and humorous actor-wit; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the portrait painter; James Boswell, the Scottish lawyer and biographer of Dr. Johnson; Edmund Burke, the lawyer of his day; Mrs. Thrale, the lively literary hostess of London. These, of course, are the great lights, the leading band of litterateurs of the age. However, we read of one other of whom there is comparatively little written but of whom there is much to be said. In reviewing Muriel Masefield's "Story of Fanny Burney," lately published by the Cambridge University Press, it would appear to me that Miss Burney was the central figure of this great group of Johnsonians. She was the daughter of Dr. Burney, a brilliant musician.

A demure little girl perched on the knee of David Garrick, laughing gayly at his witticisms; or again, a precocious little maid interested in her father's books; such was Fanny Burney's childhood. Her girlhood was a mingled existence of brilliant dinners at such homes as Streatham, Mrs. Thrale's residence; or of animated conversations with Edmund Burke or Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whom she received the greatest admiration; or again we see her in her life at the English court where she was second keeper of Queen Charlotte's robes; and later Fanny, as the wife of the distinguished French officer, companion to Lafayette and Napoleon Bonaporte—General D'Arblay—and it is as Madam D'Arblay that her diary and letters are presented to the world. But of all the pictures of Miss Burney that Mrs. Masefield gives us in her little book, the ones of which Dr. Johnson is a part are somehow the most appealing. Perchance it is because we know him to be the great man of the century, or perhaps it is because he was usually so brusque with every one, that his tenderness and love for Fanny should fascinate us more. Whatever it is, we love it and Miss Burney has left us one of the most attractive as well as one of the truest sketches of Johnson that we have today. Macaulay's very clear account of Johnson is cold though graphic in its factual reality, which sometimes even seems to be exaggerated; Miss Burney's pretty account is made endearing by its personal feeling for the man and the incidents of her acquaintance with him.

At times in reviewing the lives of those whom the world has deemed worthy of remembrance, we find that their record is often made more illustrious by their associations and acquaintance with the great, rather than by their own actual deeds. Fanny Burney in herself was splendid; but may we not venture to say that it was the world in which she lived, a world whose literary firmament was aglow with stars of marvelous light and splendor, that made her appear so goldenly lovely in the rays reflected from their greatness.

MILDRED BURKE, '28.

"From Out Magdala"

THOROUGHLY Catholic in tone and in ideals is Lucille Borden's latest story, "From Out Magdala." The great purpose behind the book is placed before us quietly, unobtrusively and beautifully. To teach us the goodness of God, His love for us, and our ability to serve Him under the most trying circumstances is, I think, the author's chief concern. There is no doubt of the success of her effort, for who could read the book without gleaning from it peace of heart and a fuller realization of how perfect is the Divine plan.

The story opens in London in a wealthy English home; but quickly the scene shifts to the water front of Marseilles, a city of romance, but also a city bearing on her forehead the ugly sear of wretched lives lived along her docks. From these docks we are borne swiftly, in fact by aeroplane, to the heights of Magdala, a shrine overlooking the bay, where the legend tells us Mary Magdalen spent her last years in exile and penance. How different from the stifling docks is this place of cool green forests, of calm peace, of repose! The little chapel etched out against the sky, the glimpse of blue Mediterranean in the distance, the lofty trees arching the blue vault of heaven are all so beautiful. The proud and ancient cliff of Magdala raises its head; a tolling bell calls us to prayer. Everywhere is calm and peace and blessed tranquillity. In such a unique and beautiful setting Miss Borden places the main theme of her story.

The plot of a little child's being stolen from her parents and later returned to them is not unusual, but in Miss Borden's skillful hands it has assumed a new poignancy, a new beauty. You may search through the pages of many a masterpiece and not find a lovelier character than Tante Diane. She is the essence of true beauty, true nobility; she grips your heart and does not let go, even when the book is closed and its story becomes a memory. Sheen, the lost child, is exquisite, the true daughter of sincerely Catholic training and surroundings; while Phyllis, her sister, is a modern type in every sense of the word. She loves style, sometimes questionable pleasures and thrills; she hates dependence and convention, but despite all this she has sterling qualities of mind and heart, which finally make her see the folly of her course and mend her ways. The mother and father of these two girls are fine types of Catholic womanhood and manhood. Eric, the viking of Sheen's younger days, is also a true type of Christian gentleman.

I think the story is one of the finest I have ever read. Miss Borden employs throughout the narrative that nice reticence which is so generally lacking in our modern realistic tales; yet she gives us a clearer and better understanding of her characters than many pages of elaborated realism could ever give. Her style is dainty, delicate, yet forceful. Altogether the book is one of exceptional merit and makes good, wholesome reading for any girl.

MARGARET GARDNER, '28.

Dame Fashion

DAME FASHION, ageless as the stars, aglow with the fire of youth, sparkling with the dewy-kiss of joy, trips along the path of Centuries, followed by her dainty band. Over hill and dale she passes, on through the streets of Fashion Town to her great palace hall where, seated on a crystal throne, she holds court in her great Hall of the Mirrors. And what a myriad crowd forms her court is seen reflected on the "Glasses of Fashion." Here are represented all periods of history, and varied types of beauty grace the hall. In a mirror, set between two Parian marble pillars against a background in which the deep azure sky reflects the foamy sea until sky and sea blend in the distance, we see a Greek maiden dressed in a flowing robe which falls in soft folds as she moves with the stately grace of a goddess. Her clear, soft skin and blue eyes shine forth from beneath her aureole of golden hair simply arranged and bound by a delicate fillet of gold. O daughter of Venus, we know thee; thy beauty is immortal, thy fame, world-wide.

As we glance about the great palace hall, we behold in marked contrast, and resplendent in the glory that was Rome's, a Roman maiden of patrician birth. Her classical profile seems carved in marble, hard, firmly chiseled and bespeaking pride, a dominating will and the blood of emperors. Her raven hair is drawn back and held in place by a jeweled stiletto. Her Tyrian-purple robe is draped in becoming lines and fastened with clasps of rubies and opals, priceless treasures of the Orient. She is on her way to the Amphitheater and round about her rise Rome's Seven Hills, and the imposing buildings of the Forum.

In the mirror nearby a beautiful scene is portrayed. The setting is in an ancient chapel. The sun sends its golden rays through the exquisite stained glass window and rests tenderly upon the pair kneeling in prayerful adoration before the altar. The lady is dressed in a girdled gown of snowy velvet. As she clasps her hands, the wide, drooping sleeves fall back to display the tight sleeves of the undertunic of wool. A mantle of rich crimson velvet hangs majestically from her graceful shoulders and it is bordered with intricate designs of gold, while jeweled clasps hold it in place. Her face is like the lily and her hair, softly gleaming from beneath the white veil, is like the sun; while a circlet of gold which crowns her brow makes her a queen indeed. By her side kneels a knight upon whose breast the cross of a Crusader blazes. He is consecrating his sword to God and oh, what dreams, what

fancies does this picture so representative of chivalry "when knighthood was in flower" conjure up.

But time waits for no man and Dame Fashion's touch is light and swift. Here in the next mirror is a Lady of Queen Elizabeth's day. "O Times! O Customs!" O pride of my lady's heart! Of gold and green brocade is her gown, and encrusted with emeralds and pearls set in carved gold filigree. The skirt, billowing from the slim waist, all but covers the dainty little feet in the golden slippers. A Medici collar of gold lace rises fanshape and is a perfect setting for her English beauty. Little tendrils of auburn hair escape from the demure little cap of pearls and curl lovingly around her blushing cheeks. Long lashes are lowered over the violet eyes and sweep her cheeks, while an entrancing smile hovers around her lips as the court poet pays her a delicate compliment.

Ah! here is another lady of the court. Mademoiselle de Fayeuse makes her graceful courtesy to her image in the glass. She is the belle of the French Court sought after by Comte, Marquis, and Duc. She is arrayed in a Shepherdess gown, designed by Watteau, a gorgeous creation in pink satin bouffant, in style, with full panniers drooping over rich skirt of tiers of lace. Tiny knots of rosebuds gather the fulness in graceful folds. Ruffles of lace nestle about her swanlike throat and touch the two little powered curls of her hair. Her hair is a masterpiece obtained only by the magic hands of a French coiffeur. It is piled high, waved and powdered, while perched upon this white cloud, as it were, is a saucy little hat, a tricorn of blue silk on which is embroidered lover's knots and pink rosebuds. Gloves of cobwebby lace cover Milady's beautifully moulded hands and arms. Her complexion is all roses and cream, her eyes are liquid pools of beauty, and there is a most bewitching patch near her cupid-bowed mouth. She is the very picture of grace and beauty and now a gay gallant in white satin bends over her hand; she furls her little fan and they move off to the strains of the stately minuet.

But at last we see a girl of our own dear America, a girl of Virginny in the sixties. Here is the freshness and joy of youth, which is so apart from the sophisticated Old World that she seems a dainty bud compared with the full-blown rose. She is dressed in a ruffled crinoline of white, her skin is like the petal of a blush rose and her waving brown hair is drawn back in a graceful Psyche knot. She seems but a ray of moonlight sent to brighten the world and, as she stands in the doorway of the fine old mansion up whose great pillars the sweet honey-suckles are climbing, she forms a sweet picture. She, a girl, is the symbol of American womanhood.

Now we are introduced to Miss '28, our lovely young girl of today. How she differs! Gone are the billowing skirts, the furbelows, the powdered hair! Before us stands a slim, straight girl, whose short, wavy hair shows beneath a simple, yet rich helmet-shaped hat. A straight, well-cut gown sets off her graceful lines, while dainty silk stockings and pretty slippers complete the costume. It is the same for evening wear; the lines are simple, yet show to advantage the richness of the material. In fact, the keynote of Miss '28's apparel is simplicity, which is, after all, art.

Thus Dame Fashion holds her court and provides endless enjoyment and intriguing elusiveness for her numerous followers, and as the story goes, she will go on her merry way down through the passing years till time is no more.

MARY LEARY, '28.

Late Dawn

It was cold, intensely cold, up there in the etheral region, and the Keeper of Day hugged his warm, soft blankets of fleecy, woolly clouds about him. Opening one sleep-filled eye, he called loudly in a deep, sonorous voice for his little page, a ray, to ask Father Time the hour. As the little ray hurried off to do his master's bidding, the Keeper fell back into a heavy, dreamless sleep. Soft, warm breezes came to play gaily about the little knoll where he lay slumbering. They soon dispelled their brothers, the cool breezes, and whispered softly about the Keeper's golden couch. Then, knowing that soon they should have to go down to earth, they tip-toed away, leaving him alone in his slumbers.

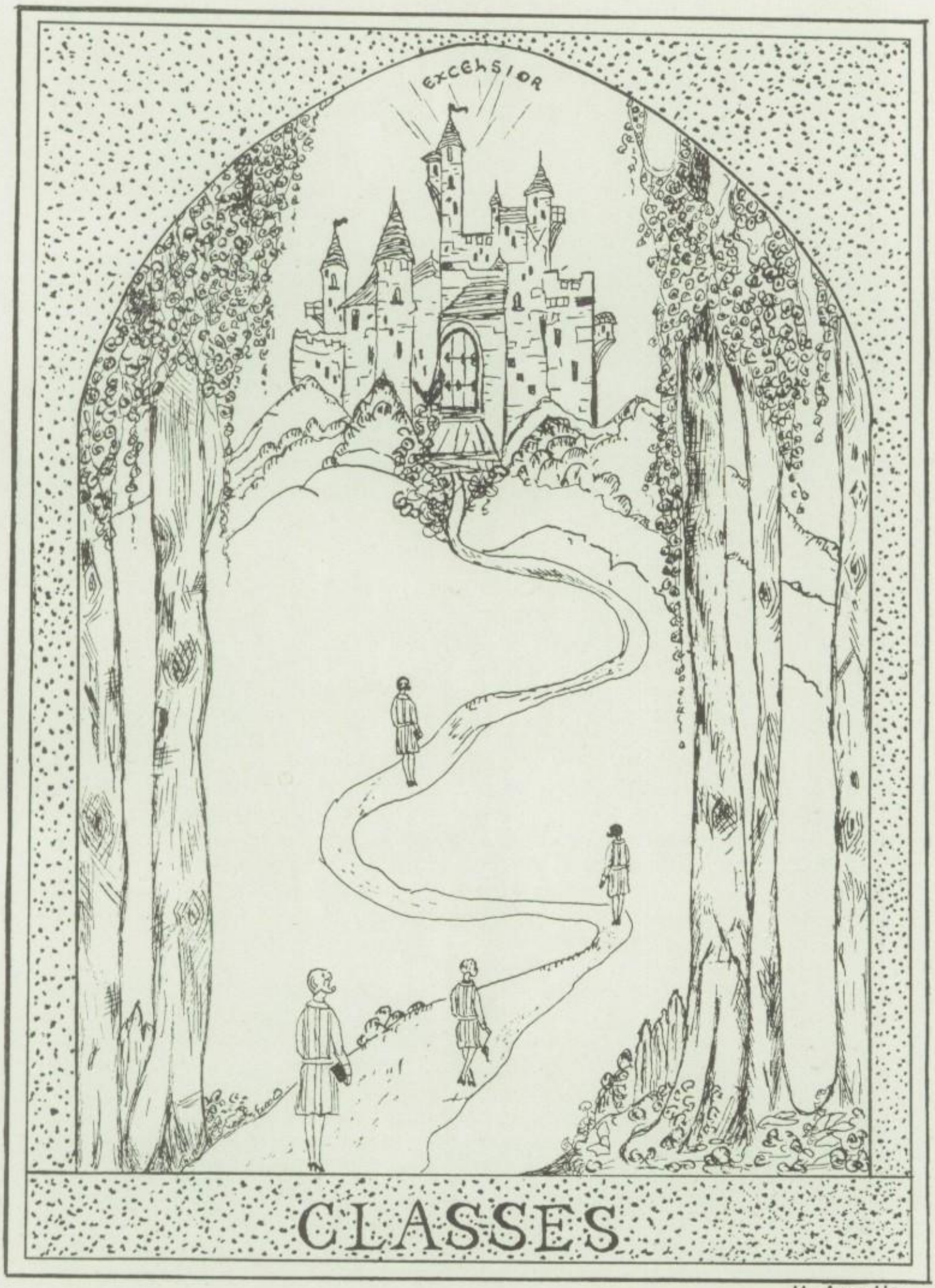
The hours flew by on dainty wings of moments. The time drew near for the Keeper to ride forth in his chariot of gold and rarest gems, and still he slept on. The rays were worried. They went to beg Father Time to make the sands of time go slowly, but he had his duty to perform. In vain they pleaded, the Rose Ray on bended knees, with pale hands out-stretched; the Violet Ray with pearl-like tears in her eyes; the rays, Lavender and Green, Pearl and Blue, indeed, all the rays pleaded, but they could not prevail against Time. And the hour for dawn drew nearer.

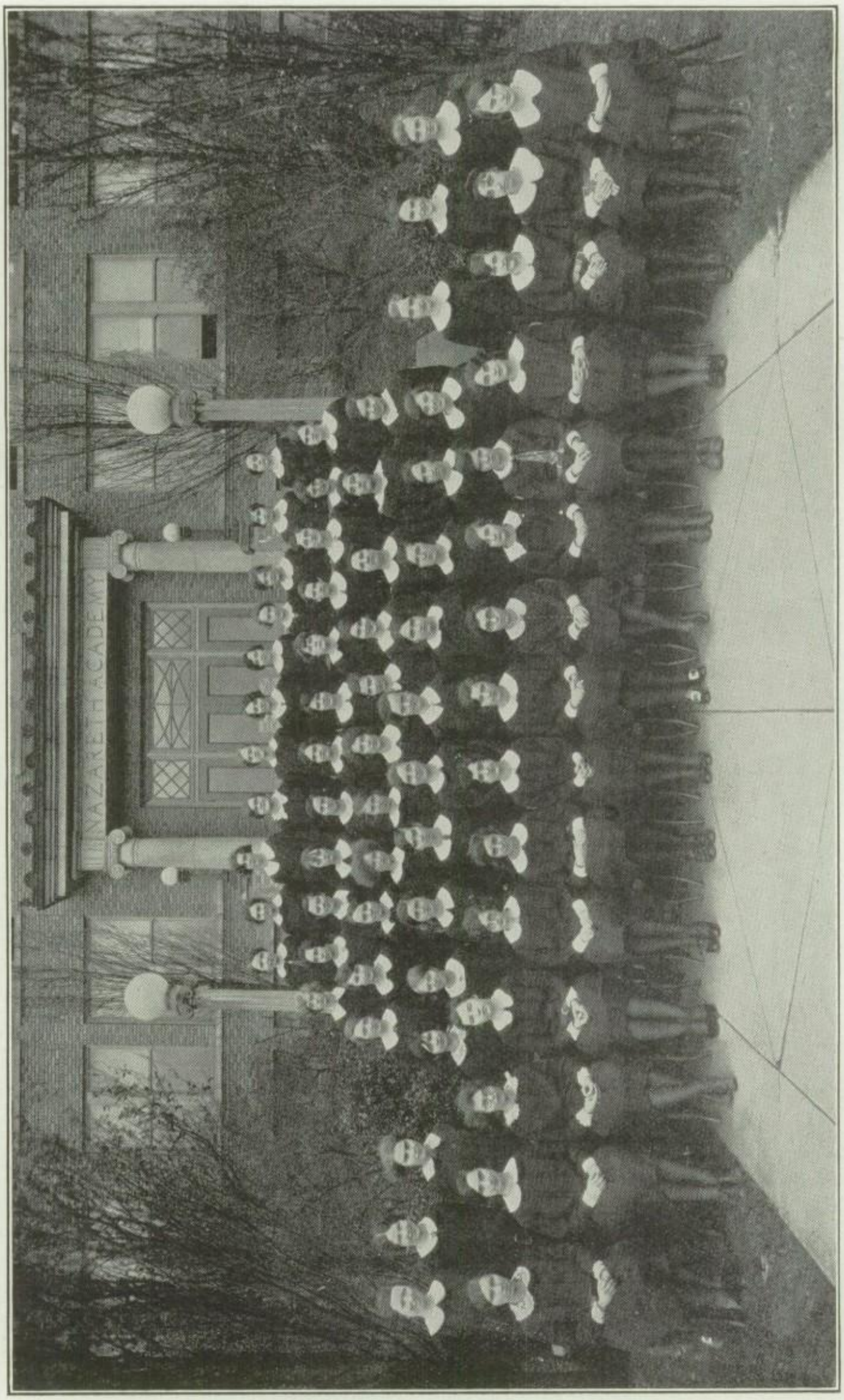
The earth with its great cities and peaceful farm lands, with its vast expanse of verdant fields and of barrens, its heaven-high mountains and its surging oceans, would wait in vain for Day. The birds would not be wakened by the herald rays; the planters would not come out to their fields; but worst of all, Ebon Night would bring storm and temptests and winds and hurricanes, and devastation to mankind.

God in His kindness called an angel to His side and whispered low to him. The angel flew down into the realms of Nature and knocked on the door of Day. A little page dressed in a mist-colored suit opened the door and led the angel to the great Lord's chamber. The angel knocked lightly and called to Day to awaken. Then, with terrible suddenness, the Keeper of Day came forth, saddened and ashamed. With downcast countenance, he stepped into his chariot and left for his ride through the paths of the sky.

The heavens were crying and their soft warm tears fell on the bosom of the earth. The storm-skies soon disappeared and in their coveted places came fluffy cloud-puffs, intermingled with sad gray ones. Then the glorious Keeper of living light burst forth in all the brilliancy of his blinding beauty. Soon pert robins were feeding their little ones on fat worms pecked from the oozing soil. Flocks began to roam about in wide green meadows. Harvesters sang over their glistening scythes. Rivers flowed calmly on, murmuring dear little tunes with touches of gladness and sometimes of sorrow in them. And all the world seemed blest in the clear light as the Keeper of the Day rode on. Men marveled at the universe and learned astronomers in their towers bent over their books and peered through grotesque apparatus and looked wise. Little did they know that on that very morn the sun had almost overslept and only when angel-bidden had arisen.

NORMA FOLEY, '28.


EXCELSIOR
CLASSES
H. WELLS.



Junior Class

"Hoeher Als die Kirche"

A STORY thoroughly enjoyed by the girls of German III is "Höher Als die Kirche," by Wilhelmina von Hillern, a nineteenth century author. Fraulein von Hillern realized that she must be properly prepared for her career as an author, and with this end in view, took a course in the University of Freiburg. She delved deep into history and from her researches created a story, the beauty and charm of which cannot be denied. It is among the very best of the stories that Wilhelmina von Hillern had to offer.

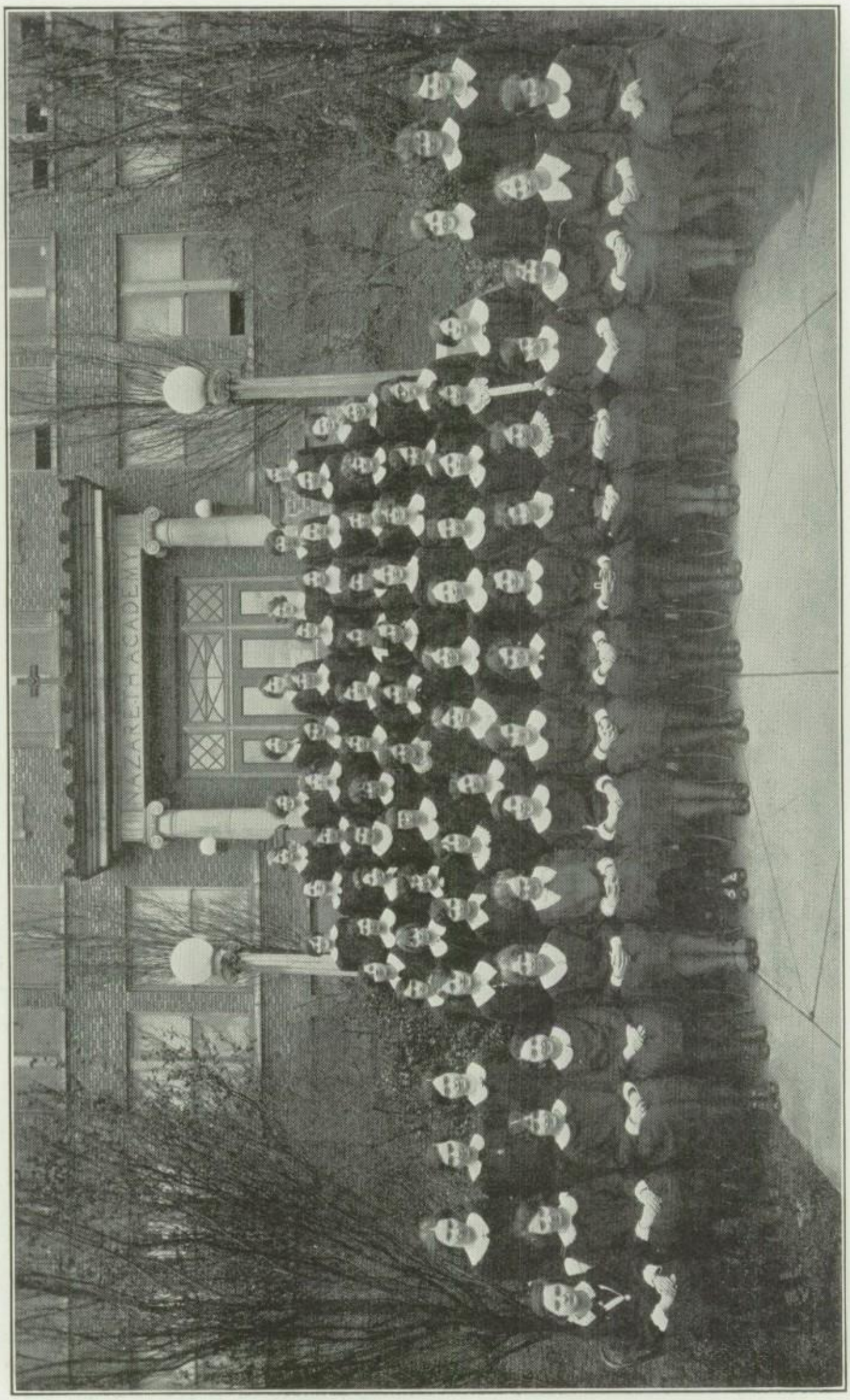
"Höher Als die Kirche" is, moreover, a true story: if one travels up the Rhine as far as Alt-Breisach, he will find the old cathedral still standing, lifting its lofty bell tower high in the air, predominated only by the proud old ruins of the once beautiful castle of Sponeck in the near background; he will find the magnificent altar of the cathedral as splendid now as when it left the hands of Hans Liefrink, its designer, a standing proof of the exquisite workmanship of the Middle Ages.

The story has its setting in the early part of the sixteenth century in the city of Alt-Breisach. The great, good Emperor, Maximilian I, lovingly known to his subjects as Emperor Max, was then ruling Germany with a firm but merciful hand. Breisach was a bit of heaven to him; it was the place where he could lay down all the wearying, harrowing cares of the mighty Empire. It was on his last visit to this beloved spot that he accidentally came across Hans Liefrink, whose one desire was to become an artist. Hans, even in his early youth, showed remarkable possibilities. Just now he was in love with Marie, the pretty daughter of the distinguished councilman, Herr Ruppacher. Hans' most cherished desire was to win fame that he might be deemed worthy to ask for the hand of his beloved.

The meeting of the great Emperor Max with the yet unnoticed Hans Liefrink proved to be one of the most delightful and helpful incidents in the latter's life, for he carried away with him a jeweled knife, the like of which he had never dreamed of possessing, for Hans Liefrink and his mother were poor. The Emperor also gave him a purse containing many gold pieces which were to be used for his education in the studio of Albrecht Dürer, the most noted artist of the time.

At last came the day when Hans took leave of the place that had always been home to him. He went to the studio of Albrecht Dürer and worked and studied continuously, mounting higher and higher upon the ladder of fame, his name being mentioned with honor among Dürer's students. After five years of arduous labor, he found himself fitted to go wheresoever he would and to bring with him a bright ray of light from the glorious realm of art, the worth and beauty of which the people were at last realizing.

Hans had no sooner completed his studies in Dürer's studio, than he found an opening for work. The people of Breisach, his native town, wished to have a new altar built for their cathedral, to inspire devotion and faith in the hearts of those who were wavering. The contract would be granted only to some great master who could do justice to such a wonderful work. Artists were coming and going, as none of their plans were approved. Hans traveled to Breisach and, after a half-hour of joyous reunion with Marie, he went straight to the city hall, where



Junior Class

the councilmen were gathered to talk over matters of business. He was refused admittance into the council room, for the people still despised him and were amazed at his return; but he insisted that his plans be inspected by the mayor and councillors. But not even the beauty of his work, the heavenly glory portrayed in his picture of the coronation of Mary, much as they admired it, moved them. It would be unthinkable. they said, to give such a supreme work to one whom they had always despised. And so Hans Liefrink was refused his request.

The councilmen, however, decided upon a plan, so that the work would come into the right hands. They would send these plans to the master artist, Dürer, and ask his opinion of them. On the very day that the plans were sent, there went out to Dürer, a letter from Hans.

A month passed by, and nothing was heard from the master, for the mails were extremely slow in those days; and then, one morning, Hans was roused by the sound of the voices and shouts of many people. He went to the window of his studio and to his surprise beheld the entire population of Breisach congregated before his home. He went outside, wondering he knew not what, and there, as one in a daze, he listened to the letter his friend and teacher had written in his behalf; and to the announcement that the work of constructing the altar was to be given to him.

Hans went wild with joy. This work would make him a rich man and he could aspire to that which his heart had craved so long—an open avowal of his love for Marie. Within an hour, he went over to ask her hand in marriage, but he was unnecessarily repulsed and insulted by her father, who sneeringly said that he would not give his daughter to an artist. "Build me an altar that is higher than the church in which it stands—then you may have my daughter and not before—so help me God," he swore. With these words ringing like a death knell in his ears, Hans staggered from the house and up the hill to the little rose tree whose presence he had always found soothing. Here he sank into a dejected heap. Ah! who could bring aid now? What help could come to him? There was not a ray left of the hope or joy he had so recently felt. What was to be done? Nothing short of death could absolve Ruppacher from the oath he had taken.

Then suddenly, without warning, he received a sharp blow upon the back, which caused him to turn in amazement. The little rose tree had torn itself free of the bonds which had held its curved top inside the arch, and it sprung erect, projecting high above the arch to which Maili had tied it. Hans realized for the first time how much higher it was than the niche in which it stood. Like a flash of lightning a sudden joyous idea shot into his mind, forcing him to his knees while he murmured a prayer of heartfelt thanksgiving to God.

Hans set eagerly to work and labored ceaselessly, from the earliest tints of dawn until late at night for the next two years. Finally, he presented himself at the city hall and announced that his work was complete. Three days were allowed him to take the carved figures from his studio to the church and put things in order. So on the fourth day after this, on the feast of the Assumption, the church was opened, and the populace of the surrounding country, as well as of the city itself, streamed into the cathedral to see the piece of work about which they had been talking for the past two years. However, once inside, the people stood staring, spellbound by the beauty and splendor with which the entire structure had been portrayed. The people pressed forward

Sophomore Class

eagerly to offer their congratulations to the once despised, now honored, young man; but Hans, who had seen Herr Ruppacher rapidly leading Maili toward the entrance, raised his voice to speak to him. Hans called Ruppacher's attention to the extreme top of his creation. A gasp of amazement could be heard as the people turned their wondering gaze aloft. The top formed a graceful curve and it was, indeed, "higher than the church in which it stood." Marie's father was stunned by this revelation; he had not expected Hans to take him at his word; but Ruppacher was an honorable man,—he knew he must keep his oath.

So Maili became the wife of the famous master; and her father, who gradually became reconciled to his daughter's choice, came finally to hold his artist son-in-law in the highest respect.

BERNICE OTT, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

My Story

My goodness, how soft and comfortable this little box feels after my long and wearisome travels! I first lived in a damp, cold mine, then in a factory and now I am here in this soft, little, white box, enjoying life from the window of a jewelry shop. I hope I may rest here for a long, long time.

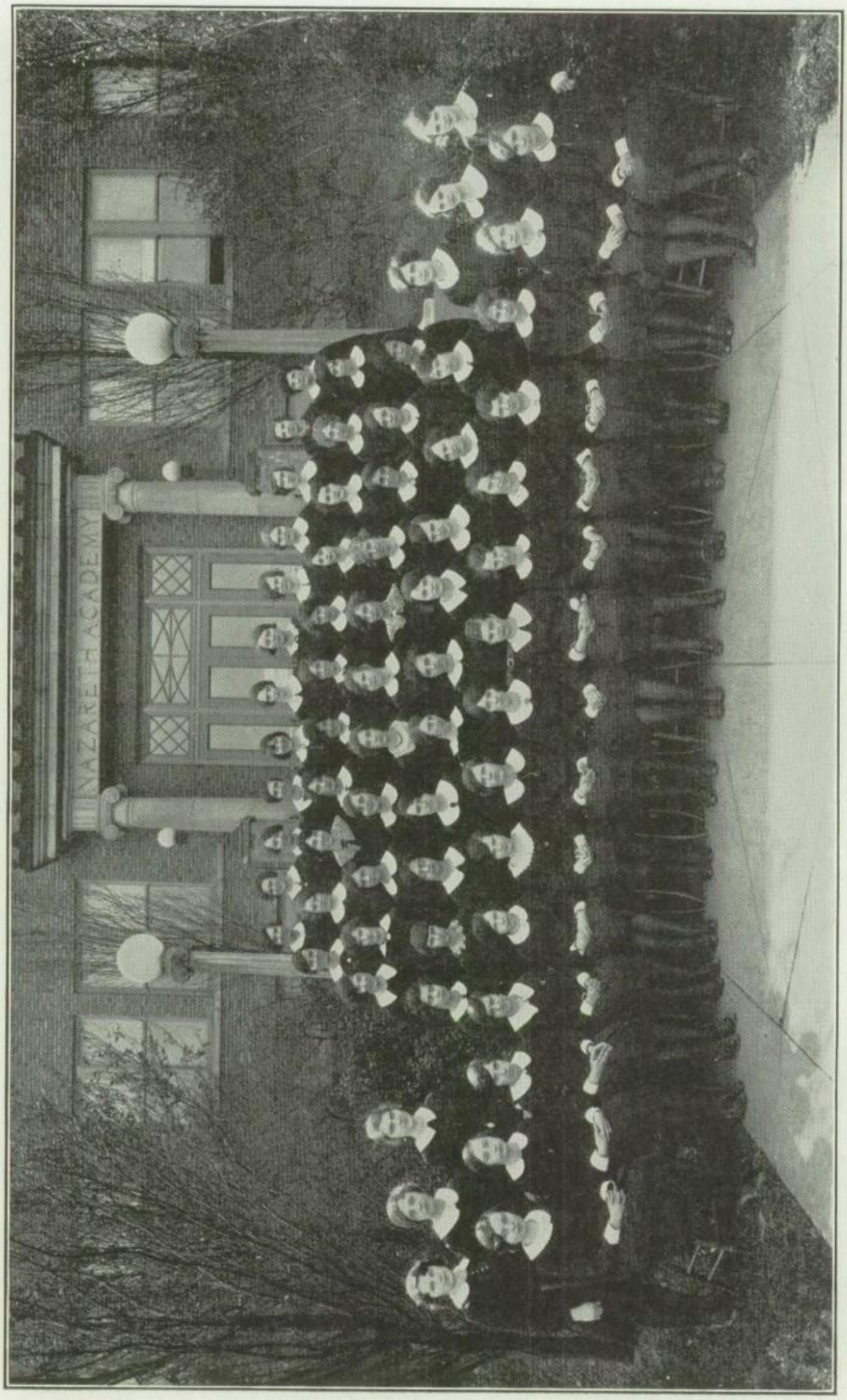
Thus I mused within my sweet little case. But oh, just when I thought I was going to have a nice, long rest, I was taken out of my box and displayed to a beautiful young girl, with big, blue eyes and wavy, golden hair, who had just come into the store with her father. This dainty, little lady slipped me on her dainty, little finger and lo, I was not taken off again. Then I left the store with my new mistress and had my first glimpse of the world.

The next day I found myself taking a long ride in a street car. After a time we alighted before a big, yellow-brick building, which we entered with a crowd of young girls, evidently friends of my mistress. We had no sooner reached a large room on the second floor when I was proudly shown to them and admired by all of them. Suddenly a bell rang and silence reigned everywhere; the day's work had begun.

I shall not tell you how much I learned that day as we passed from class to class. It was all exciting and new to me. But I got through the day all right, and was not sorry when the bell rang for dismissal and my first experience at school was over.

Other days followed not unlike the one I have just told you about. Nothing broke the monotony until one night when I had a beautiful dream. I seemed to see my little mistress, her blue eyes shining like two stars; her golden hair crowning her head like a halo. She was gowned in a pretty white dress and in her arms she carried a large bouquet of red roses. We were in the building which had become so familior to me. Slowly my mistress and her companions took their places on the stage. From my place of honor, I viewed the audience, recognizing here and there a friend. I listened to the speeches and accompanied my mistress when she went forward to receive her diploma. It was her moment of triumph. Then suddenly I awoke. I rubbed my eyes. Was it all over, that beautiful dream? The next day I told it to my mistress and she said it was just like what she expects the night of her graduation to be. That is what I am looking forward to now.

HELEN ECHTER, '28.



Sophomore Class

"Words, Words, Words"

"The meeting is called to order," said the chairman, otherwise well known as Mr. Awful. Instantly the chattering ceased and the members of the club assumed a serious and dignified silence. The chairman continued: "Before we discuss the important problem that awaits our attention this evening, the secretary will call the roll. Up popped a dinky little man, who, with a short, jerky bow, proceeded to call the roll:

"Miss Adorable?" "Present," lisped a lovely girlish voice.

"Miss Wonderful?" "Present!", rang out the clear, bell-like response.

"Miss Nice?" "Present!"

"Mr. Got?" "Here!", briskly.

"Mr. But?" "Here!", weariedly.

"Miss Beautiful?" "I am present," piped a silvery voice.

"Miss Kind Of?" "Present!", grumpily.

"Mr. Well?" "Here!", responded a vigorous, well-built man.

The roll having been called, the secretary took his seat and the chairman arose. "Ladies and Gentlemen," (Mr. Awful somewhat resembles Major Hoople), we are gathered here today in defense of our once honorable names. This country, in fact the entire English-speaking world is subjecting us to gross insults. Ignorance, they tell us, is at fault; but it is not Ignorance so much as Habit that is to blame. He is the cause of our maltreatment. The instigator! And shall we suffer him to so misuse us? No! Again I say no! We will no longer endure it. "What is there," you ask, "that can be done?" Time, my friends will tell and time alone. Now we shall hear evidence of the crimes that are being daily committed in our names. Miss Beautiful, you may have the floor.

The chairman, very red in the face and noticeably puffing, sat down and Miss Beautiful arose. The gentlemen were all attention as she began: "Oh!", she said, "people misuse me constantly. It's 'beautiful this' and 'beautiful that;' in fact, everything is 'beautiful.' They have made me a byword. Formerly I belonged to the upper class and my mission was to enhance the charm of the lovely things of the earth; but alas I am made so commonplace that I am fast losing distinction." And in tears she returned to her place.

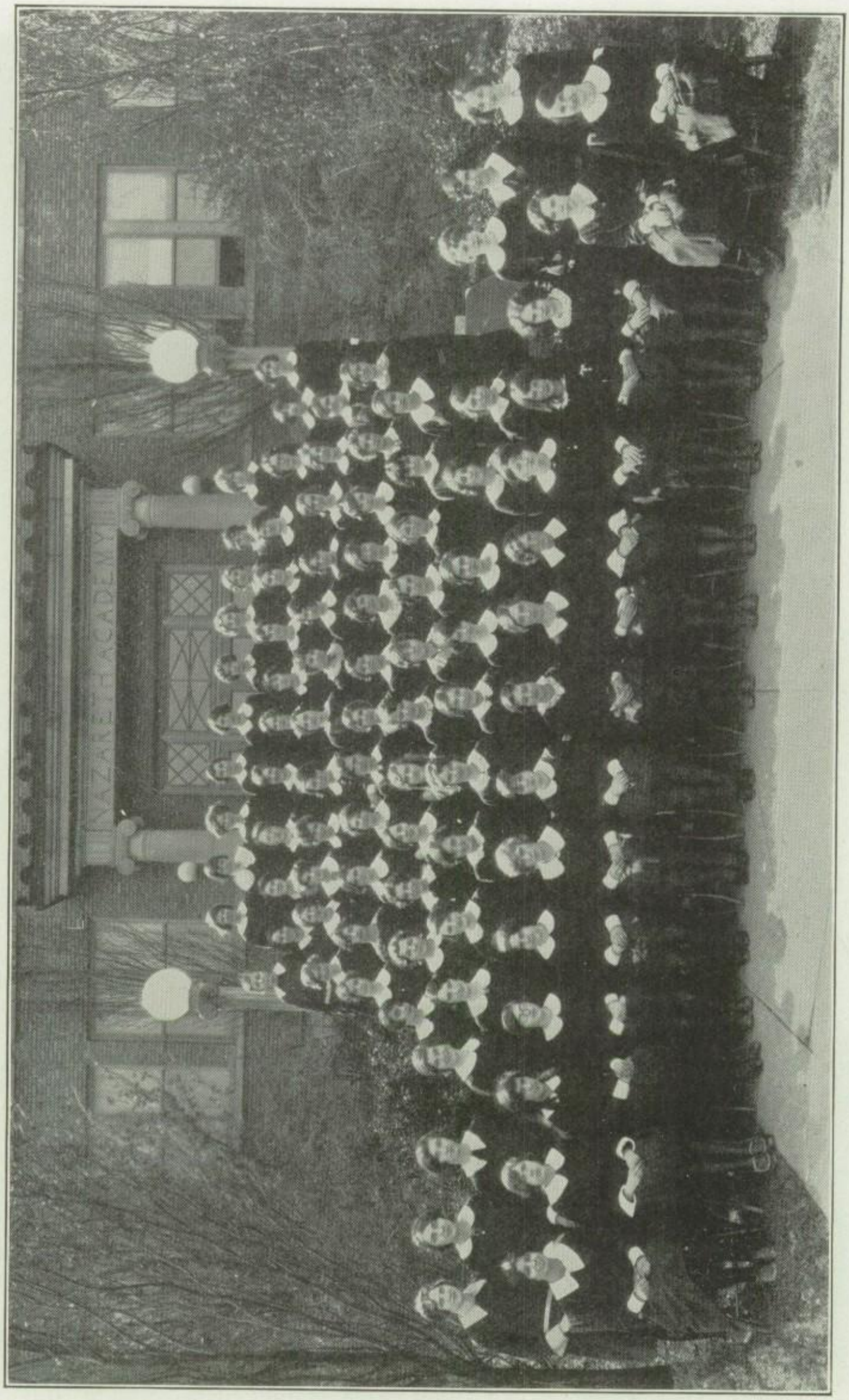
"Mr. Got," called the chairman, "we will now hear you."

A brisk, snappy little man jumped up and began: "People make me do all the work. They never let Have stand on his own feet; nothing will do but I must support him, the loafer! When he thinks he is tired and that is not seldom, I must take his place. They say, 'I have got this or I have got that.' Such language! I am overworked day and night. I consider my position as almost unbearable."

"Time's up," cried the chairman. "Miss Adorable, may we now have the pleasure of a word from you?"

Pretty and petite, Miss Adorable stepped forward. "Oh dear!", she cried, "my worst enemies are young girls and lovely young girls too. They seem to think that there are no such words as 'pretty,' 'handsome,' 'lovely' or 'attractive.' Despite my evident delicacy and spiritual signification, they insist upon making everything adorable. No longer am I the pet of worshippers, or of lovers. If a stop is not put to their calling on me, I shall die from the strains of overwork." The gentlemen glanced at her, but the meeting had to go on.

The chairman then called upon Miss Wonderful. A truly lovely



Sophomore Class

woman with a voice like a bell arose. "Never again shall I envy popularity. I am too popular now, and although it is pleasant to be courted, I would be far happier if there were not such frequent demands made upon me. 'Wonderful' is a family name to be proud of, but in these days of stunted vocabularies and little culture, it is used in the most commonplace way. Have you ever noticed how 'wonderful,' 'wonderful' even the least exceptional occurrence or happening is said to be? I wish some measures might be taken to prevent the evils of exaggeration and misconception that I am an unwilling accessory to."

"Terrible," everyone sighed.

"Miss Nice," called the chairman, "you may have the floor now."

An intelligent and keen-eyed woman came forward. "My tale of woe is quite shocking. Formerly it was my lot to associate with highly respectable and cultured people, people who were for the most part of a literary turn of mind. Then my name denoted a choice distinction. But now, oh horrors! one hears of the 'nice boy,' the 'nice book,' the 'nice story,' the 'nice pencil' and even the 'nice dog.' No longer is my rendezvous the literary club or the college class room. I am fallen from my greatness and know just how King Lear felt when he found that his power was no more respected or revered." Miss Nice's voice was quivering and she was unable to continue. Everyone murmured sympathetically, and then the chairman again arose.

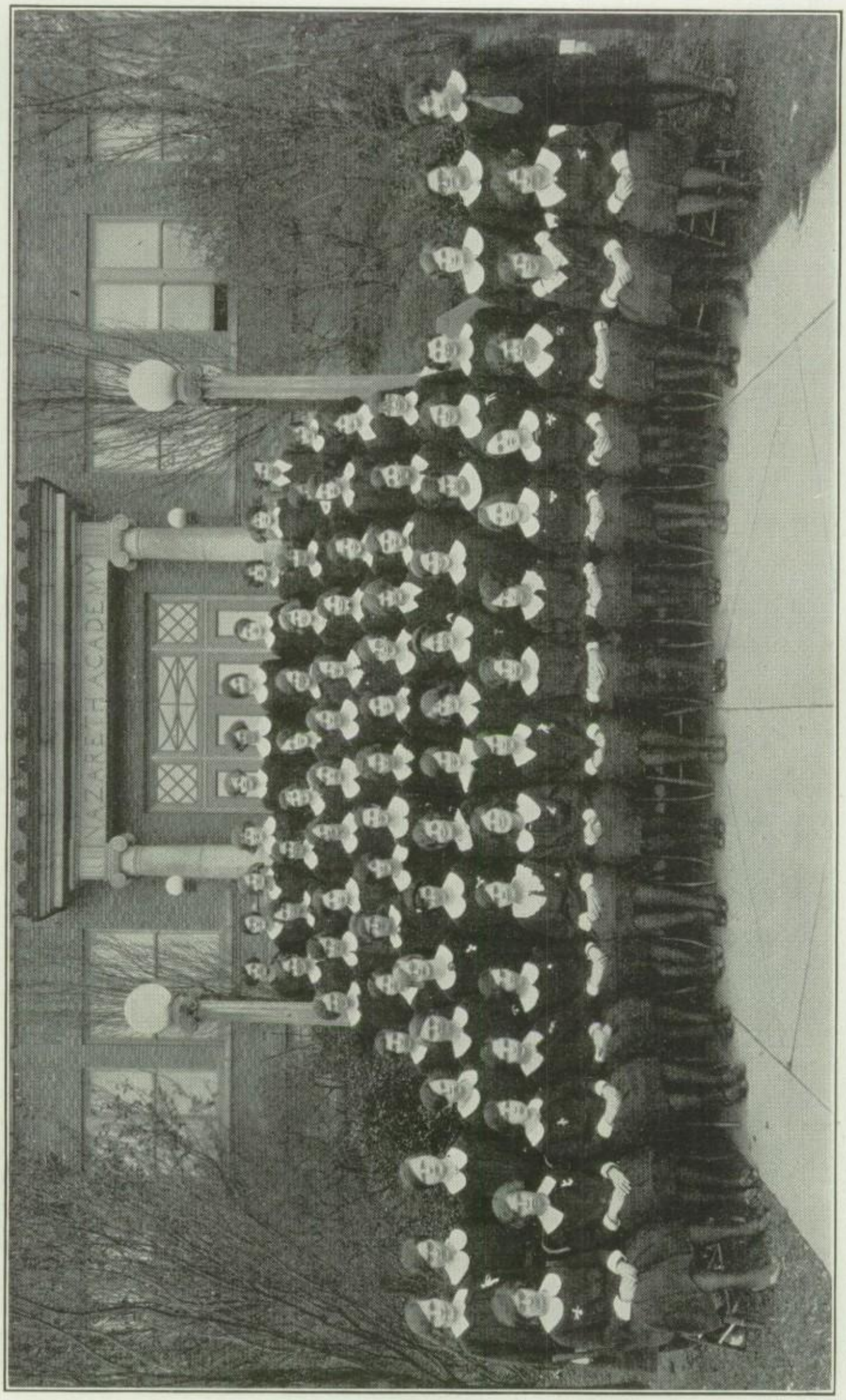
Mr. But was called upon. He appeared to be a meek, unassuming little man. In a moment he was speaking: "The prettiest praises, the most perfect tributes are all marred by the mention of my name. It is not a pleasant situation for any man, I assure you. I come of a large and well-known family of conjunctions and not one of my relations is subjected to a fate like mine. It is nerve-wracking, unendurable." His emotion subsided and he seemed to shrink away.

Miss Kind Of, a plain and unattractive woman, now took her place on the floor. She spoke her mind in plain terms: "These people who claim to be modern are really hypocrites, for while they profess a preference for simplicity in its every phase, they constantly add an 'a' to my name, giving me the appearance of a silly, vain woman with a vulgar desire for notoriety. I am forever hearing such expressions as these: "Oh, he is a 'kind of a' good fellow, or she is a 'kind of a' crank." Primly, Miss Kind Of walked away with an air of 'Well, I have had my say.'"

"Mr. Well," called the chairman. A vigorous man, well built and forceful, stepped forward. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I think that you can see for yourselves that I am no weakling. I do not mind work, but I cannot stand idle. Now, when I am needed, instead of calling upon me, people use a poor substitute, such as 'good' and 'fine.' Perhaps they think, believing a poor bargain to be better than none, that the words they employ may be somewhat cheaper. That is the reason why I, like so many of our American people, am so often out of a job. Many a time I blame my misfortune on such expressions as these: 'Oh, I'm fine, thank you,' or 'I'm pretty good.' I trust the members of this club will give my case due consideration."

Mr. Well took his seat and the weary chairman arose. "My friends", he said, "the matter presented here for our consideration is of so grave a nature and the accusations uttered so incriminating, and affecting so vast a number of people, that a special meeting will be called in the near future to give due thought to each specific case. I think you are all convinced of this fact. I now make a motion to adjourn." The motion was seconded and carried.

ELNOR ZWEIGLE, '28.



Freshman Class

The Reverie of a Nazareth Ring

A sigh—then a pause. A second sigh—then a pause. Being entirely unaware of the fact, a third sigh escaped my softly rounded lips, and was followed by a brief moment of silence. Suddenly a sweet, soft voice penetrated the stillness, and turning, I gazed into the onyx face of my little neighbor.

"Why do you sigh?" she asked. In her I had confided, and to her I had told many secrets, but it was not my desire to tell the sorrows of my short life. I hesitated, but then began.

"It is a sad story," I answered. "But I shall endeavor to explain. Two short years ago I first opened my eyes to the rays of sun and the bit of light which entered my showcase. Everything was strange and my fellow roomers were not the least bit friendly. Things went on and I began to feel as though I were being looked down upon. I was at that time too young to understand but as time wore on I learned to my great disappointment that I was what my jeweler called a "sample," and *that* was considered far below the ordinary standard or scale of existence. I was twitted and ignored, scoffed at and mocked. Oh! why had I been chosen for a sample? And yet, why should a sample be lower than the rest? My gold was just as good and my face just as pretty, and surely my heart was far more kind and generous. New rings came —and soon went. Others replaced them but not for long, for they were also sold, but I remained always in my nest of white satin. People admired me and wondered at my brilliance and beauty but always came that hateful phrase, "One just like that."

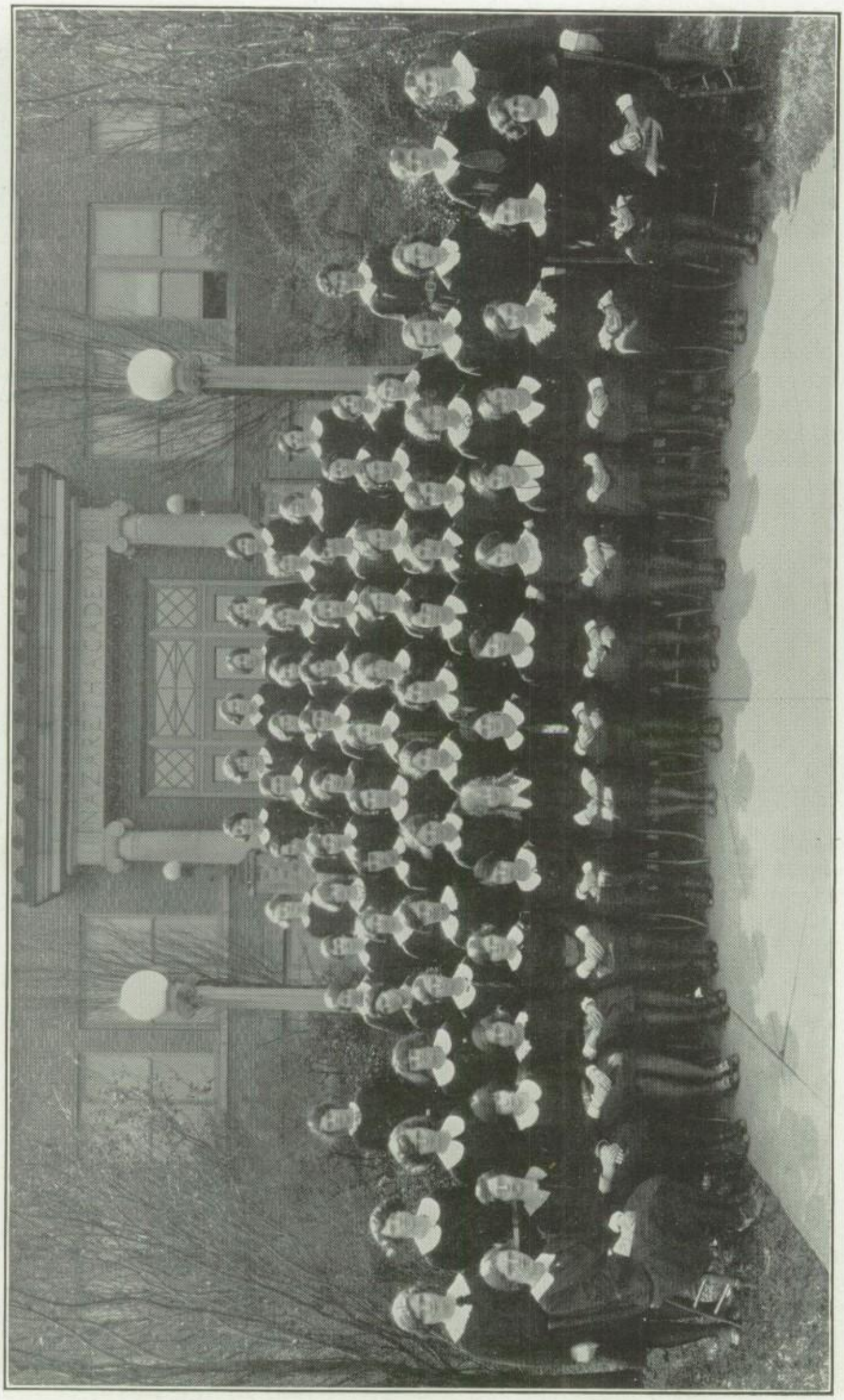
One glorious day in June a beautiful woman entered the store. At her side was a sweet young girl. Her dress was different from that of most people I had seen, for she was clad in black shoes, hose and dress with white cuffs and collar. They glanced through the place and after a short search, seemingly disappointed, started for the door.

"Why here it is, mother," said the pretty young voice, addressing the older woman. "This is just what I want." To my great surprise and excitement she was looking directly at me. Was I the Nazareth ring of which she had spoken? My jeweler lifted me carefully out that I might be examined, but with his tender care came again that taunting phrase. "This is only a sample," and then added, "I can have one made just—" But he got no further for he was interrupted by the girl herself.

"I can't wait," she said. "Won't you please sell me this?" My heart thumped and my short prayer must have been heard for the next moment my cover was securely fastened and I knew nothing more.

It was two hours later when my lid was once more opened and before me, arrayed in beautiful white, stood that sweet young girl. Carefully she lifted me from my box, and with equal tenderness slipped me on her soft, white finger.

A glorious evening followed; it was what I should call my dream come true; she called it Commencement. She was proud of me, and I was shown with an air of dignity to all her pretty friends. I met other rings of the same family as other hands clasped hers, and for the second time in my short life, was not despised as a mere sample. Shortly I was aware of a faint, wonderful scent, and looked up to see, in the lovely hands of my mistress, a beautiful bouquet of roses. I loved these as well as she, not only for their fragrance and beauty, but for the unexpressible thought that only a red rose conveys; my feelings were deeply moved by one sweet bud especially, one that seemed to blush deeper than



Freshman Class

the rest. Through the remaining hours of that eventful evening, she remained close to me, whispering encouraging and lovely phrases,—such as roses often do. The occasion seemed almost too short in the presence of this perfect picture, but the time had come for us to depart. The memory of that glorious evening mingled with strains of lovely music and the delicate scent of roses will remain with me all my days.

My future is vague and only time can tell what is to become of me. I place my destiny in the loving care of this Nazareth girl—for surely she can understand the sentiment of a Nazareth ring.

ALICE POLLA, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To Our Parents

As the time draws near for the dropping of the curtain upon one of the happiest scenes of our lives, we feel in duty bound to express our deep appreciation to you, our dear parents. You, who have been the cause of our happiness in all our little incidents of life, are now the cause of our greatest joy. To you, do we owe gratitude for the many advantages we have enjoyed: for our well-being, which has been your constant care, our education, your one ambition. And now, as our high school days are drawing to a close, we think of you with devotion and filial love.

We shall always see you, Mother and Father, loving and diligent, caring not for your own personal pleasure, but always for our spiritual and bodily welfare. How tender and kind you were in those little hurts of childhood! how generous and forgiving with those little errors! And now, even in our youth, when little hurts seem even greater, when small mistakes seem all unnecessary, how patient you are with us! It is always your courage, your devotion and your faith which give new birth to our courage, new strength for our duties, and bright hopes for our future.

During these last four years of high school life you have made many sacrifices for us: and you have sometimes suffered needless pain through our thoughtlessness, and yet, you are ever patient and kind—because you love us. How great is the power of your love; for there is no friendship, no love like that of the parent for the child! It is now, dear Parents, that we take this occasion to tell you of our love and devotion. It is here that we extend to you our grateful thanks for all that you have done for us, for all that you have given us—especially for these four happy years of our high school education at Nazareth Academy.

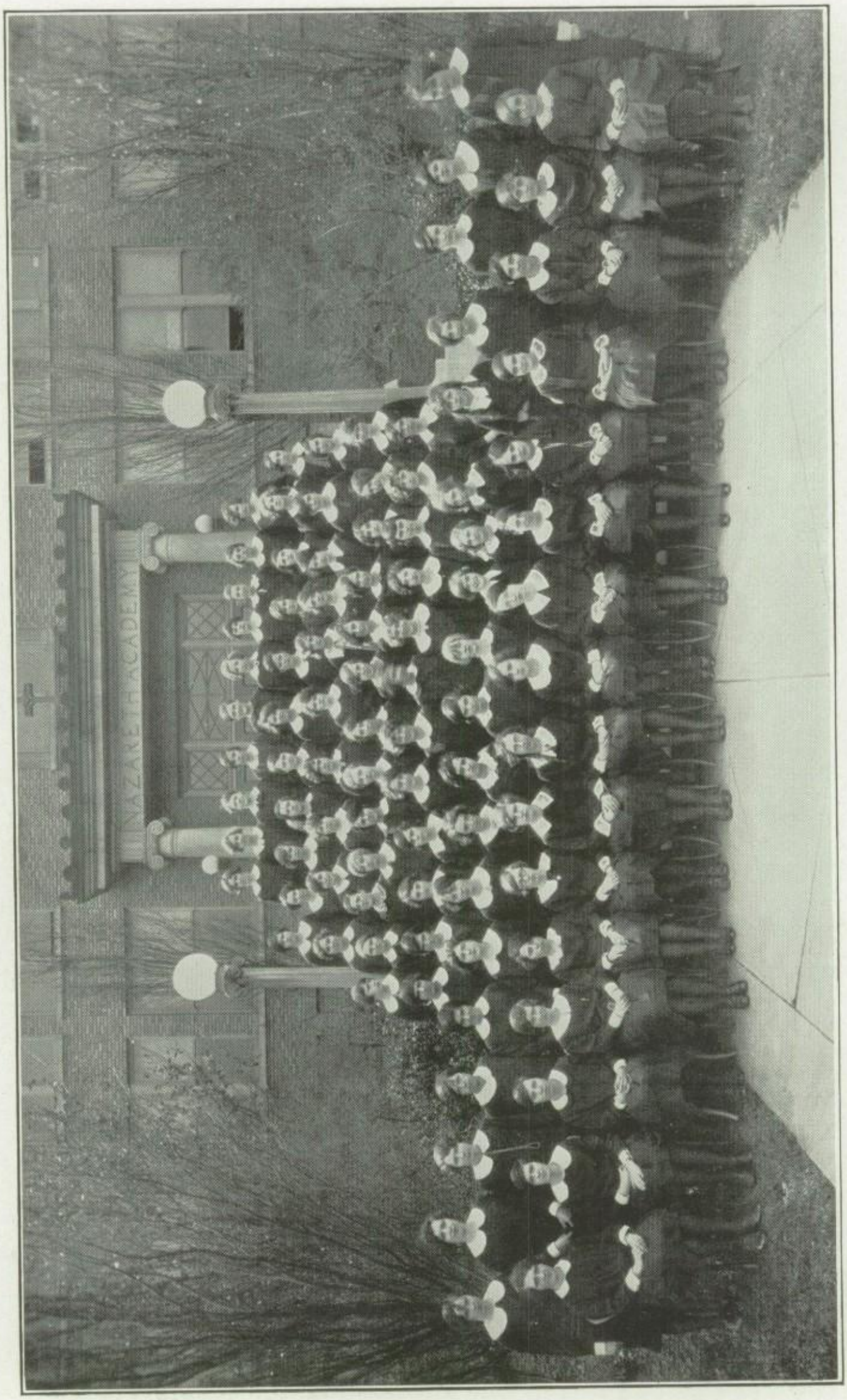
MARY B. JENNINGS, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Robin

I heard a robin in a tree,
When scarce had March begun her way,
And then he flew away from me;
I heard a robin in a tree,
And wondered if perchance might he
Be fair Spring's messenger to me;
I heard a robin in a tree,
When scarce had March begun her way.

ANNA FISCHETTE, '28.



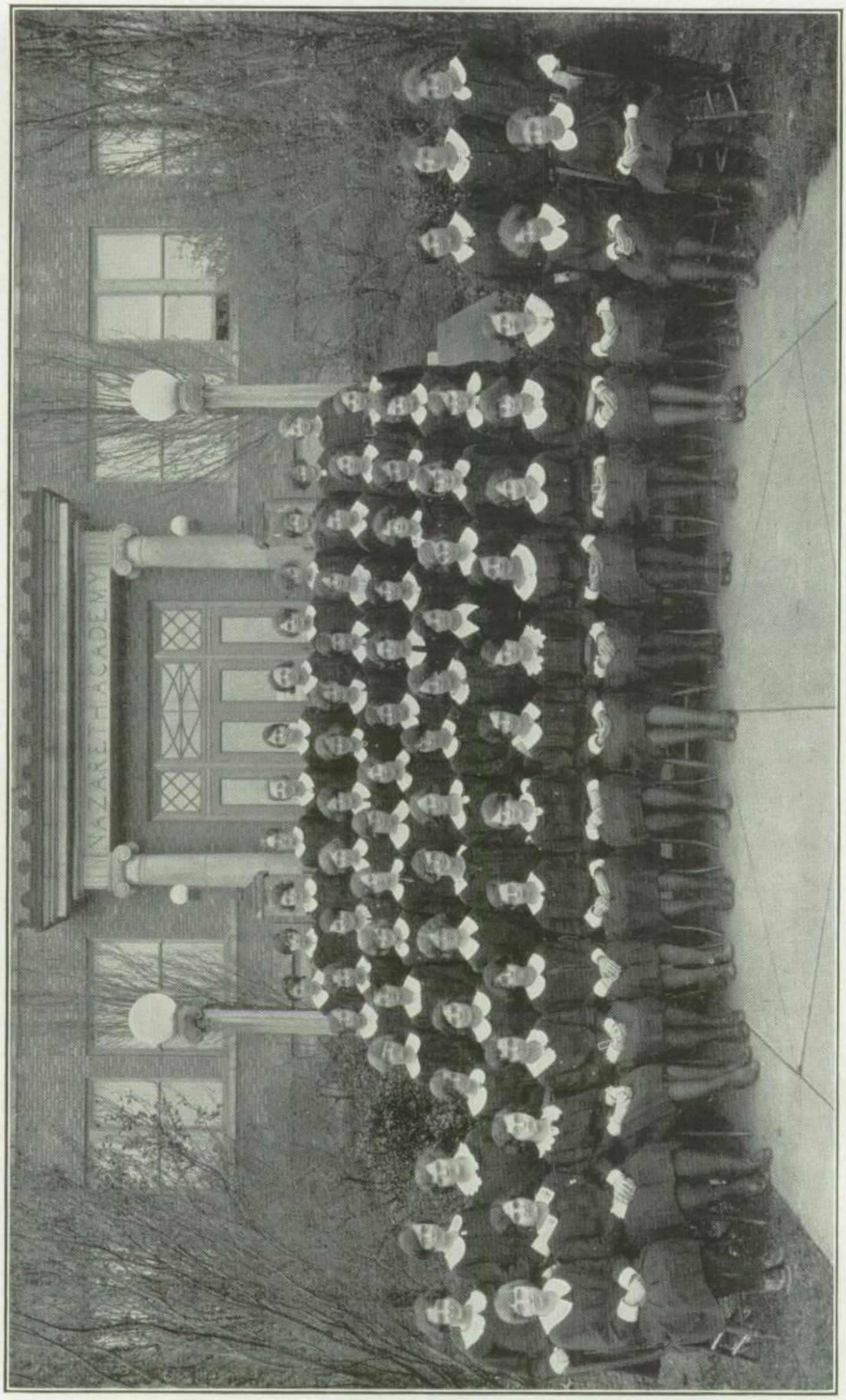
Freshman Class

Stepping Stones of Life

LONG, LONG AGO, as the pages of history are wont to recount, storm-tossed vessels sailing off the coasts of Greece or Asia Minor often sought shelter on one of the countless islands of the Aegean Sea. This mass of tiny land plots furnished ports and harbors of safety and rest from the perilous struggles of early navigation and, because of their great number and their proximity to one another, they became commonly known to the world at large as the "stepping stones of the Aegean." They were convenient and advantageous stopping places for the preparation of the ship and its crew for the high seas.

When we are graduated from high school, we shall sail forth from perhaps the most delightful harbor in the voyage of life. Even now against the deepening blue of the horizon, we can discern coming toward us in the distance, that ship which is destined to bear us away from this pleasant spot and convey us onward to an unknown port ahead. Yet a few short weeks and we shall find ourselves standing on the shores of this happy island, gazing upon the tumbling sea of Life. Soon we shall embark. There will be a scurrying here, a hurrying there; all will be bustle. A warning whistle will pierce the thick, damp air; there shall be a wave of the hand, a blown caress, to those who are still staying on; and through the teary mist before our eyes, we shall peer ahead—ever ahead—searching in eager anticipation for the next landing place, the next "stepping stones of life." And as we move onward in the silence of the dusk, awaiting the dawn of another epoch of our life, we shall turn back with a longing, half-regretful sigh and consider the life that we have just now left.

For most of us the stay on this happy shore of our high school life has been four years—four years of happy, joyous, girlhood laughter, girlhood dreams, girlhood pleasures and pastimes. Our days were carefree; every moment brought us some new treasure,—perhaps of knowledge, maybe of friendship formed, perchance a dream come true. Yet these four years held other greater things than play. There was work, hard work; yet, never really unpleasant work. There was ever a shining goal ahead and always before us our glorious motto—"Dominus Illuminatio Mea." There were always lessons to be mastered, tests to be met, but with these and by these we were constantly being taught how to escape the perils of life. There were always those loving souls inspired by love of God, who eased the way and made the climb seem less steep. And there was always companionship and friendship, the sweetest flower that blooms! This is the cause of regret at parting. For although perhaps on that next island, off in the distance, beyond the horizon, we may find ourselves with some of our friends, still some will be gone and there will be a difference. Life will summon them to another of her ports; she has a different task for each. Yes, it is a pleasant place which we are leaving and we thank God heartily for having launched our ships on such very pleasant shores. We had our sorrows, our petty disappointments, perhaps, but those God sends to make us hardier sailors on the sea of blasts and winds. Altogether it was a glorious time—the four happiest years of our lives thus far. As for the future—?



Freshman Class

Ah, yes! We have lingered long enough on the past. It is ordained that man shall ever go forward in this course of life. Doubtfully at first, then a bit more surely; searchingly always, we peer on over the sea of life. The hour of our sailing out from this haven of our high-school days is fast approaching. Our girlhood days will soon be over. When the cry of "Land!" "Land!" shall again ring out, where shall we find ourselves? Only time can tell. May our sun be all roseate and gold as it rises over the islands that shall be our next "stepping stones" to the port of the life that is awaiting us.

MILDRED BURKE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Nazareth College

In September of 1924, Nazareth College first opened its doors to the Catholic young women of Rochester. That the work then begun has been a success is evident from the fact that fifteen of the twenty students who then entered the College will be its first graduates in June. Then too, the number of students has increased each year until now there are one hundred and nine students enrolled. Many of these young women are state scholarship winners, and they have continued in college the excellent work begun in the high school.

To the Catholic young women of this city Nazareth College offers the opportunity to continue their higher education under efficient, capable instructors. Courses leading to the degrees, Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Sciences are given here, together with the Teachers' Course and the Secretarial Course. Some members of the graduating class, besides securing their degree, have completed the Teachers' Course and have already secured positions. With the completion of the new building in Pittsford, greater advantages will be offered to the students. Very soon a landscape gardener will put the spacious grounds in readiness for the opening of school in the fall term. There will be plenty of lawn space for out-door sports.

We feel that a word of congratulation is due to the young women of the graduating class for having so successfully completed their college course and we hope that their future may be as successful as their college life has been.

ALZIRE E. SIGEL, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

In Memory of Marion Green

You went away too soon, dear friend,
  And now we miss your smile;
Your gentle words we feign would hear,
  Your laughter without guile.

But now that you are gone, dear friend,
  And tho' we miss you too;
We bid you now, O lovely girl,
  Adieu, adieu, adieu.

LOIS ATTRIDGE, '28.

Franz Peter Schubert

"Whatever his eye beholds, whatever his hand touches, turns to music." This is what a certain great composer has said of Franz Peter Schubert. And rightly did he speak thus, for Schubert is the prince of lyrists and the greatest of song writers.

Schubert was born in Vienna in 1797 and was the youngest son of a very large family. His parents were poor, but his father took care to give his children a good education, and so, at the age of six, Schubert was sent to school. His wonderful genius could not be concealed and at the early age of eleven he was an accomplished violinist. Soon after this he began to compose his own music.

His early training meant a great deal to him for he was brought up a devout Catholic. One of his most beautiful and best known songs, his "Ave Maria," seems to be a result of this careful training which he received in his youth. This composition was written at a time when Schubert had overpowering devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Perhaps the inspiration is what causes its beauty and its appealing tenderness. Melody flowed from him like fragrance from a rose and this work seems but a manifestation of this fact, for, though often repeated, this sweet melody holds its charm.

Another of Schubert's favorites is his "Serenade." As the title connotes, it is a song of love. The music is so light and dream-like that it fairly carries the listener into the realms of ecstacy and delight. It seems to cast a magic spell which lingers on even after the music has ceased. This dreamy atmosphere which it creates is what keeps this composition a favorite with everyone.

There is another of Schubert's songs, however, which deserves a special note of praise for it is the greatest of all songs ever written, the "Erl King." This composition clearly illustrates his power of spontaneity, for Schubert composed this song in just a few hours. It is Goethe's poem set to music. The terror of the child, the attempts of the father to allay the lad's fears, and the coaxing voice of the spirit are all treated by means of different themes and this work clearly shows the wealth of melody which Schubert always had at his command. The haunting appeal throughout this composition is one of the reasons for its undying popularity.

We can see how great a genius Schubert was by the very great number of favorite compositions which he has left us. He has written more than six hundred, including operas, sonatas and cantatas. All of this great, wonderful work was crowded into a few years. Schubert's was a comparatively short life, for he died in 1828 at the age of thirty-one. One hundred years have passed since then, but the world has not forgotten him and this year we are celebrating the centenary of the death of Franz Peter Schubert, the greatest song writer the world has ever known.

MARY EVA HENNER, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

O woodland spring, o'ershadowed with staid trees,
Home of the nymphs, thou hearest all the day
Their silvery mirth borne on the gentle breeze,
Echo and die and rise again more gay.

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

Childhood

In her eyes the sweet candor of childhood,
On her brow the soft light of repose;
What innocence, beauty and mildness
Unite in her shy little pose!

M. Alice Pegnam, '28.

JOKES

Class Stones

Freshman—Emerald
Sophomore—Blarney Stone
Junior—Grind Stone
Senior—Tomb Stone

◈ ◈ ◈

Sister: "Florence, have you had any beautiful thoughts today?"
Florence: "No, Sister, I haven't."
"Flo (after five minutes' reflection)—"O, Sister, I had a thought! I just happened to think!"

◈ ◈ ◈

Bernice G.—"Now how does that translation go? Someone help me!"
Mary L.—"I will, I have it all here in a nutshell."
Ruth K.—"Oh, so you've memorized it, eh?"

◈ ◈ ◈

Great Excitement in Nazareth Academy on March 5 ! ! !
Catherine Williamson gets a generous streak and divides her hair between her two ears.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mary Claire O'Shea wants to know if the daughter of the First Lady of the Land would be a daughter of the soil.

Isn't It Dickens?

According to "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend" found "Oliver Twist" in "The Old Curiosity Shop" with "David Copperfield" reading "The Tale of Two Cities" in "Pickwick Papers."

◈ ◈ ◈

Our Freshmen are brilliant
In mathematics they're fine—
They count up to ten
If—you start them at nine.

◈ ◈ ◈

L'un—"Do you speak French?"
L'autre—"I know only two words and I have to use a key to remember them."
L'un—"What's the key?"
L'autre—"I can't remember that either. It's some kind of cleanser, I think."
L'un—"Sapolio?"
L'autre—"Ha! That's it. Bon Ami!"

◈ ◈ ◈

Julia—"What is nitrate?"
Irene—"It's cheaper than day rate."

◈ ◈ ◈

Local Abbreviations

A. M. ..... Always Missed
C. O. D. .....Cicero Our Death
N. D. .....Naturally Dumb
S. O. S. .....Same Old Story
P. M. .....Poor Marks
A. D. ..... Another Day
B. C. .....Between Classes

◈ ◈ ◈

Barbara—"I've graduated from High School yet I can't go to college."
Bernadette—"How come?"
Barbara—"College hasn't opened yet."

◈ ◈ ◈

Algebra Teacher—"Mary, if you had fifty cents and loaned your sister thirty and your brother twenty cents, how many cents would you have?"
Mary—"I wouldn't have any sense."

◈ ◈ ◈

Where?

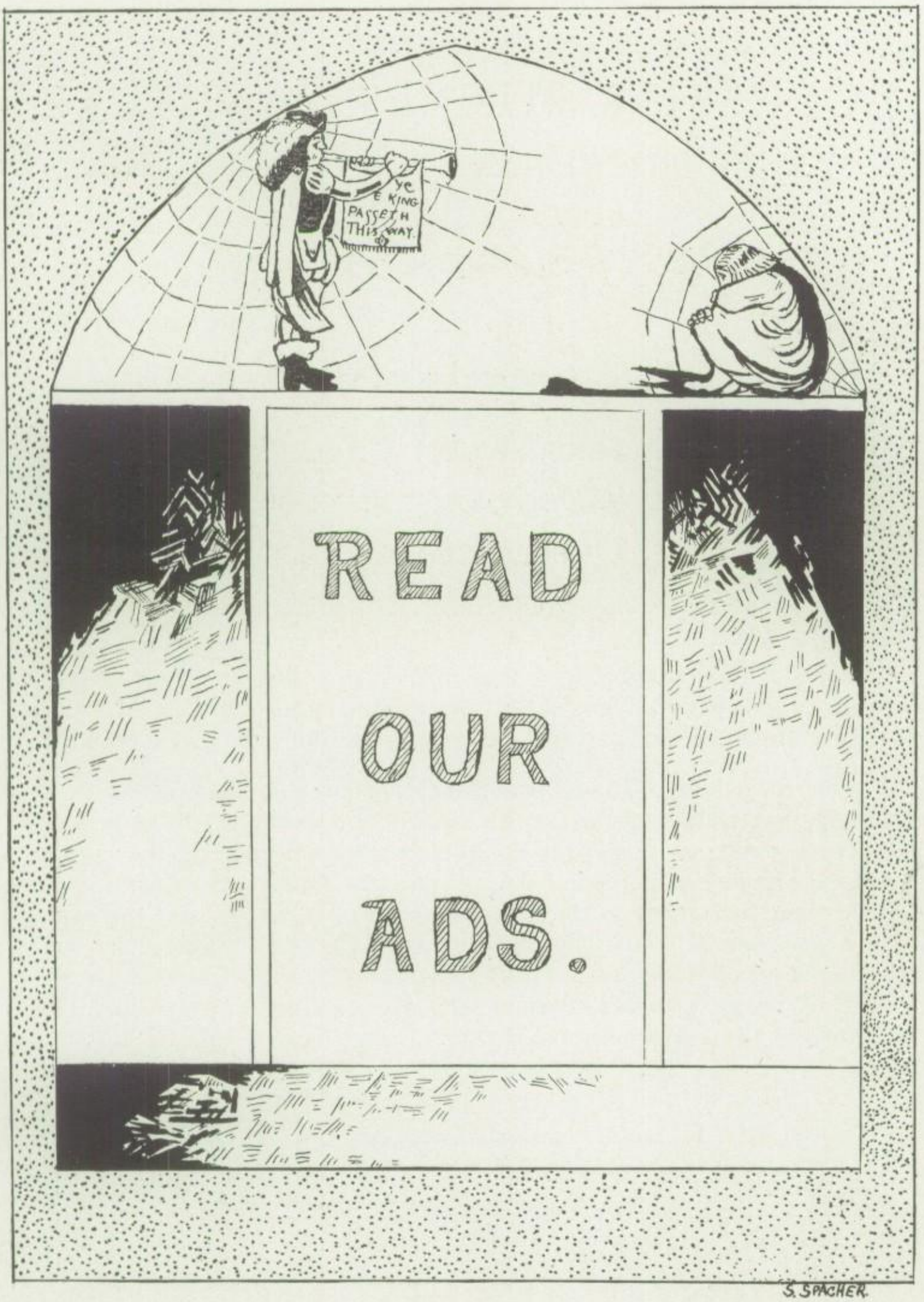
O chemist of skill, investigate,
And answer this query of mine,
I think I know what carbonate,
But where did iodine?

LONG after a pleasant incident in one's life has been forgotten a good picture is a forceful reminder of pleasant associations. Picture reproducing is our profession and through quality engravings we solicit the patronage of those who wish to obtain good results in the desire to put before the public in picture the reminder of their wares.

HERALD ENGRAVING CO., INC.

Main 4941

36 AQUEDUCT ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.


YE
E KING
PASSETH
THIS WAY.
READ
OUR
ADS.
S. SPACHER

If you are going to a business school you will be interested in the courses given by the

ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Courses Include

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTANCY

SECRETARIAL SCIENCE STENOGRAPHY

BOOKKEEPING

SALESMANSHIP AND ADVERTISING

An education is something that must last a lifetime. Few persons can afford to spend the necessary time and money a second time because a wrong first choice of a school has resulted in an inadequate training.

The Rochester Business Institute provides the kind of business training that brings success to its students; it provides the assurance of advancement for those who complete its comprehensive, thoroughly practical courses. Its record of more than sixty-four years of continuous growth and usefulness to the large community it serves, and the rapid rise to positions of leadership by so many of its 44,000 alumni, are convincing reasons why the Rochester Business Institute should be the choice of young men and women who are seeking desirable and key positions in the business world.

For catalog or bulletins describing the different courses or further information, call or write the Registrar,

ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE

GREGG SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

First in Secretarial Science
First in Business Administration
First in High Salaried Positions
Therefore, first for you to see.

South Avenue and Court Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Phone MAIN 1861

Who knows when you will need to be self-supporting?
Insure for the future by taking a course at

MECHANICS INSTITUTE

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Co-operative:
Food Administration,
Retail Distribution.
Costuming.
Homemaking Courses.
Special Courses.

Architecture.
Design.
Crafts.
Illustration and
Advertising Art.
Interior Decoration.

"Training that pays."

REGISTRATION, JUNE 15th AND SEPTEMBER 10th

Send for a folder.

My Comrade

As the end of a beautiful school year
Now slowly draws to a close,
I gather up fairest of memories
And will cherish them after it goes.

The fairest of dear faces haunts me,
The brightest of eyes linger near;
She had always a smile when I saw her,
She was close to me year after year.

Four years have passed since I met her,
And soon, ah too soon, we must part;
But after my school days are over,
Her memory will 'bide in my heart.

We have studied and talked together,
We have shared each joy and each care;
We have finished the tasks set before us,
We shall meet again, yes, but where?

I wish I could tell of the yearning
That comes o'er my soul with the thought,
That soon we must part at the crossing,
Each to run for the goal that is sought.

I can never, never forget her,
My comrade of happy school days;
'Tis the Nazareth girl that I speak of,
With her sweet and dignified ways.

RUTH SLAVIN, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To Lillian C.

I have a friend,
Whom I have known
For many, many years;
I've listened to her laughter
And wiped away her tears.
While I have had
A host of friends,
With none can I compare,
The gay and happy blue-eyed girl
With crown of raven hair.

BARBARA HETZLER, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Blanche

Sweet and dainty all the time,
That is you, friend of mine;
Hair of gold and eyes of blue
Seem to tell me you are true.

M. E. H.

St. Bonaventure's

PREP. SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers

Chartered by New York State Regents:
Approved by leading Educational and Medical Associations

DEPARTMENTS

Arts and Science — Music - Dramatics
Pre-Medical and Pedagogy — Philosophy

REGISTRATION DATES

Seminary - - - Sept. 19
College - - - Sept. 21
Prep. School - - Sept. 22

NEW GYM. AND SWIMMING POOL—ALL ATHLETICS
NEW DORMITORY

Complete Catalogue sent on request

ADDRESS: P. O., ST. BONAVENTURE, N. Y.

Nazareth College

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

For The Higher Education of Women.

Courses leading to the degrees
Bachelor of Arts *and* Bachelor of Science
Teachers Course, Secretarial Course

Chartered by the Legislature of the State of New York and registered by the State Board of Regents

RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS

Compliments of . . .

Meyer, Foote & Dayton Co.

SERV-EL

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION
IN YOUR OWN ICE BOX

SAFE — SANITARY — DEPENDABLE

Liberal Terms — Substantial Guarantees
Monthly Inspection

TELEPHONE MAIN 3960

ON DISPLAY IN OUR SHOWROOM

ROCHESTER GAS & ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Rochester's Leading Dry Cleaners and Dyers. Operating the largest plant in the state outside of New York City.

STAUB & SON
INCORPORATED

951-961 MAIN ST. EAST

Branch Stores
82 EAST AVE.—70 CLINTON AVE. SO.—99 W. MAIN ST.

Monroe 6600

DARROW SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

A SCHOOL WHERE YOU ARE TAUGHT HOW TO

Learn More
Work More
Earn More

Visit us at
42 CLINTON AVE. N. (*Just around the corner from Sibley's*)
Stone 1974 Rochester, N. Y.

BARNARD, PORTER & REMINGTON

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Paints, Oils, Glass, Brushes. Artists' Materials and Drawing Supplies.

Distributors for Lowe Bros. Company High Standard Paints & Varnishes.

MAIN 8140
9 - 11 - 13 NORTH WATER STREET

Cloth Covered Buttons made to order

Pecot Edging Pinking

MILLER PLEATING WORKS

Hemstitching and Pleating

244 Mercantile Building
Franklin St. Cor. North Tel. Stone 2596

Genesee 1286

McGrath & Edwards Bros.

All Kinds of Automobile Repairing

1 CHILI AVE.

Philco Batteries
Miller Tires Accessories
Battery Charging

F. E. Rubadou

Dry Goods
Men's Wear

844 DEWEY AVENUE

PHONE, GLENWOOD 3089

Compliments

of

A Friend

WM. F. PREDMORE

School, Church and Office Furniture, School Supplies, Church Goods, Office Specialties.

MAIN 3279

93 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"A Treat in Heat"

HI-HEAT COAL
SEMET SOLVAY COKE

STONE 4000

L. C. LANGIE COAL CO.

MEISENZAHL BROS. COAL CO.

COKE **COAL** WOOD

695 Portland Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.

Compliments of

CO-OPERATIVE FOUNDRY CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Red Cross Ranges and Furnaces

Compliments of

Mr. A. W. Ott

Our Nazareth

(Air, "Maryland, My Maryland")

Our senior year is now all o'er,
Nazareth, our Nazareth;
Its joys for us will be no more,
Nazareth, our Nazareth;
Protect your daughters on life's way
Lest from the righteous path we stray,
And be our guide from day to day,
Nazareth, our Nazareth.

Your "Gold and Blue" we'll always cheer,
Nazareth, our Nazareth;
Sweet memories will be most dear,
Nazareth, our Nazareth;
Through care and toil lead us aright
And keep us all within your sight,
And be for life our beacon light,
Nazareth, our Nazareth.

MARY F. REDDY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

My Uniform

(To the air of "Among my Souvenirs")

You're all that's left to me
Of days that used to be;
You'll bring me memory
Of days at Nazareth.

Your collar, trim and white,
Your pleats pressed in so tight
Made an inspiring sight
In days at Nazareth.

Now lying in my chest,
You'll find a peaceful rest,
After my toilsome quest
With books and pen.

I love your plaited form,
E'en though you're old and torn
Because you did adorn
Our dear, old Nazareth.

M. HAEFELE AND LOUISE DOYLE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

April

Jonquils in the garden,
Violets in the glen,
Misty, sunny, flowering
April's here again.
Breezes in the tree tops,
Downy clouds in sky,
Weeping, laughing, dancing
April's going by.

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

La Salle

Wherever it is LaSalle is always the magnet for admiring eyes

MABBETT MOTORS
333-339 EAST AVE.

New Life FOR Tired Feet

That's what Walk-Over Main Spring Arch Shoes offer to feet that ache and drag.

Come in — slip on a pair of Main Springs. Enjoy a delightful sense of relief as the strained cords and bone structure are properly yet gently supported. Your nerves are soothed, your energy restored, you'll take a new interest, a new pleasure in life.

Walk-Over

SHOES FOR MEN and WOMEN

WM. F. ZAHRNDT & SON

Bookbinding

77 ST. PAUL STREET

Stone 1604

ARPEAKO
MEAT PRODUCTS
The PEAK of PERFECTION

"A Mark of Quality"

ARPEAKO
MEAT PRODUCTS
The PEAK *of* PERFECTION

ROCHESTER PACKING CO. INC.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

You may pay too much

If you pay too little

CHEAP furniture is never a good investment. Worthwhile furniture, honestly priced, will give years of satisfactory service and will pay dividends of lasting satisfaction. We do not handle cheap furniture but we do sell worthwhile furniture at a low price.

WEIS & FISHER CO.

50 STATE ST. 879 CLINTON AVE. NORTH

TEMPORARY LOCATION
Masonic Temple Building
57-59 Clinton Ave. N.

LOUIS J. KNAPP
REAL ESTATE
701-702 ELLWANGER & BARRY BLDG.

William Green & Son
BROCKPORT

Jordan - Paige - Hupmobile

Your Home Store

NOT simply to be a store wherein you may make almost any desired purchase—but to be a store which, by its courtesy, quality of merchandise, and fairness means "HOME STORE" to you. That is our most sincere desire.

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR CO.

Epstein

135 EAST AVENUE

FROCKS ~ WRAPS

COMPLIMENTS OF . . . .

A Friend

30 Varieties

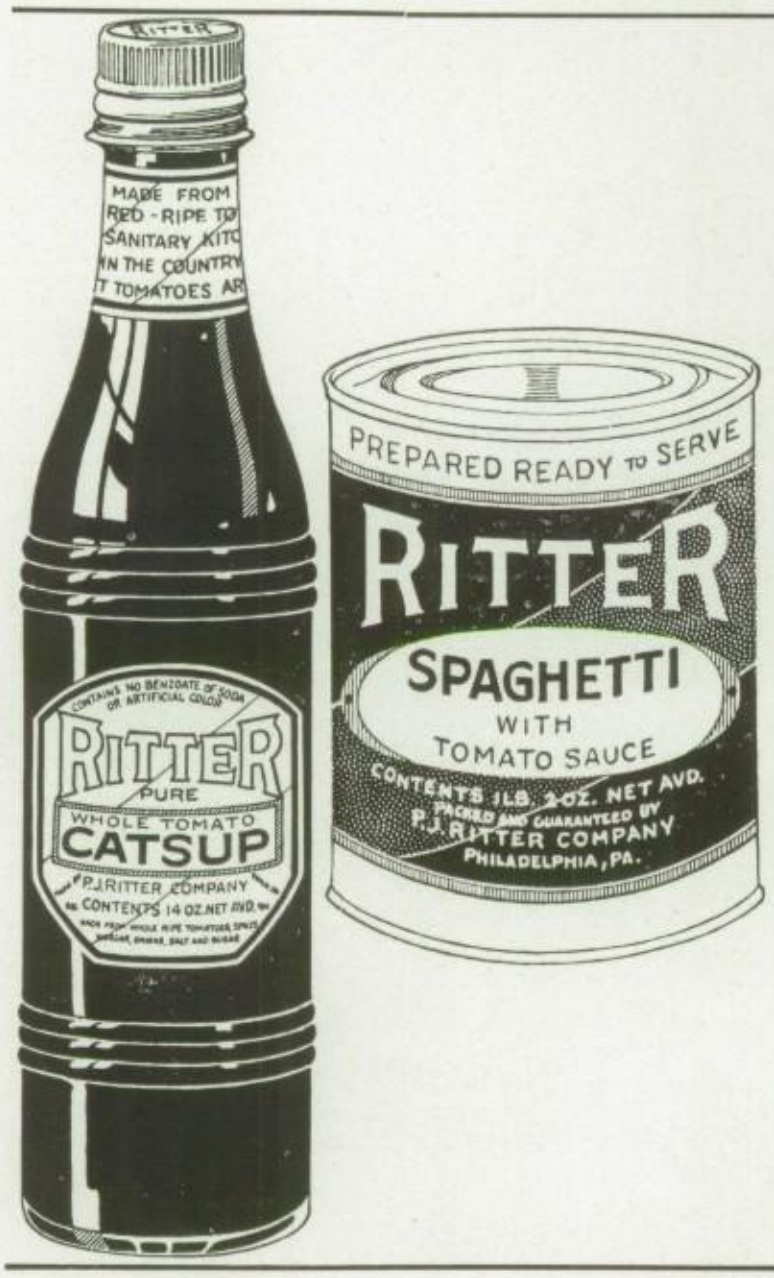
ZWEIGLE BROTHERS

Sausage Manufacturers

CONEY ISLAND HOTS

214 Joseph Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.

Stone 6944 — 6945
Daily Deliveries



G. E. Meyerhoff

FRESH

Salt and Smoked
MEATS

DEALER IN

Poultry, Fish, Ice, Sausage
etc.

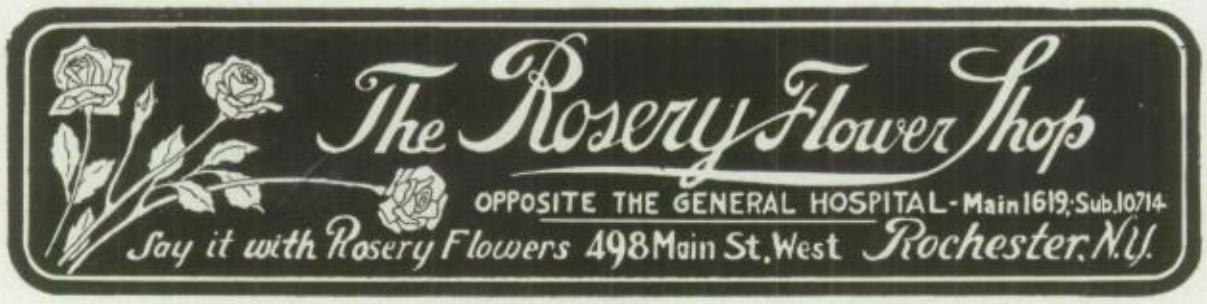
4373 LAKE AVENUE
(CORNER STUTSON)

Phone 83

Compliments of

The O'Brien Pharmacy

WINTON ROAD


The Rosery Flower Shop
OPPOSITE THE GENERAL HOSPITAL - Main 1619; Sub. 10714
Say it with Rosery Flowers 498 Main St. West Rochester, N.Y.

OUR RETAIL PLUMBING STORE

is at the service of those desiring to purchase and install their own plumbing and heating supplies and accessories. The advice we offer costs nothing and is the result of long and varied experience.

One of our retail catalogues free for the asking

BARR & CREELMAN CO.

Plumbing & Heating

74 EXCHANGE STREET *Phone Main 6465* ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Marcelling - Hair Cutting - Shampooing - Scalp Treatment
Facials - Manicuring - Water Waving

Verna's Beauty Shoppe

1458 LAKE AVENUE
OPPOSITE RIVIERA THEATRE

Verna L. Farrell Phone GLENWOOD 5193

Frances

A SHOP NOTABLE FOR DISTINCTIVE STYLES IN

Dresses and Coats

AT PRICES THAT MODESTLY REFLECT FRANCES QUALITY

EAST AVENUE, AT CHESTNUT

LANG DRUG CO.

Prescription Pharmacists

449 LYELL AVE. Cor. CHILD ST.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

HANAN SHOES

The Modern Girl

is appreciative of the style, comfort and value of Shoes purchased in this Shop.

47 EAST AVENUE

Successors to Gould, Lee & Webster

RITEALL

the CHECKWRITER that affords you
FOUR TIMES MORE PROTECTION
than any other machine

TELEPHONE STONE 5636

RITEALL CHECKWRITER CORPORATION
113 North Water Street Rochester, New York

Compliments of

A Friend

Whippet Willys-Knight
Since 1908 Exclusively

C. W. PEMBERTON
Sales & Service
Monroe 869 Night, Culver 560-J
1821 EAST AVENUE
Corner Winton Road

Compliments of

Mr. Raymond L. Clark

Investment Insurance *and*
Guaranteed Income at Retirement
MARIE A. SMYTH
Representing
MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Suite 624, Lincoln Alliance Bank Building
STONE 113

A Practical Application of Geometric Principles

Theorem: If in a class, each student is gifted in some phase of knowledge, the class as a whole is versatile.
Given: One hundred thirty-three intelligent, diligent and talented girls.
To prove: That the senior class of '28 is versatile.

PROOF

1. Scholastic ability without a parallel.	1. Very high averages of most of the girls.
2. Originality manifested.	2. Novel entertainments at senior parties.
3. Exceptional dramatic ability.	3. Manifested by the successful presentation of two very clever modern plays.
4. Pep and school spirit.	4. Eagerness to co-operate in all school activities.
5. Musical ability.	5. Six senior graduates in music and two-thirds accomplished musicians.
6. Artistic powers.	6. Evinced in posters, party invitations and the art work in the year book.
7. Poetic gifts.	7. Read our annual.

The senior class of '28, having aptitude and ability in various forms of art as well as in other demands of school life, is versatile. Q. E. D.

KATHERINE HANLEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Classified Ads

FOR SALE—All kinds and sizes of freckles.—L. Doyle.
WANTED—More nightwork.—Nobody.
FOUND—New way to make hair curl.—F. Howard.
LOST—A perfectly good marcel (on the last rainy day)—M. O'Neil.
FOR SALE—Sport model roadster by a young lady with four-wheel brakes.
TO RENT—Three to four inches of height, to be returned within twelve hours.—H. Silberstein.
LOST—Some knowledge. Finder please return at once as exams are coming.—Everybody.
TO RENT—Lots of spare room in my desk.—L. Schefinger.
WANTED—Some tune for the gym piano.—All of us.
WANTED—Long hair.—I. Rovas.
FOUND—A way to stop blushes.—Don't blush.
WANTED—French dictionary.—M. Taylor.
FOUND—How to keep a switch on.—G. Murray.
WANTED—Simplified methods for reducing.—R. Buckley.

M. HAEFELE AND L. DOYLE, '28.

DeVisser Bros.

HARDWARE

Flower City Park and Dewey Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.

O. S. BOYLAN

Meats,
Poultry, Vegetables

Fish, Oysters and Clams

3321 Lake Ave. cor. Stonewood Ave.

HOWE & ROGERS COMPANY

Clinton Avenue South

Carpeting, Drapery Materials, Domestic Rugs, Lace Curtains
Oriental Rugs, Window Shades, Furniture, Linoleums

Charles B. McGuire

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Bacon Sausage Ham Smoked Meats

4449 Lake Ave., cor. Latta Road

PHONES:
CHARLOTTE 299–325

MAGGS

Caterer

21 Richmond Street
STONE 2580

Ice Cream ~ Stone 3886

Buy your Furniture Direct from Manufacturer. Visit our factory and showroom.

GERALD C. KENNY

Furniture & Upholstering

1476 LAKE AVENUE
Opposite Ridgeway

Phone Glenwood 1644

ESTIMATE UPON REQUEST

HOMES FURNISHED COMPLETE

Our Original FRENCH Method is Best

WE SPECIALIZE ON LADIES' APPAREL—and our ORIGINAL FRENCH Method is always found best for restoring the lustre and attractiveness of soiled garments at most reasonbale prices. It is a satisfying service for every girl who seeks to profit by it.

MARRIOTT'S
French Dry Cleaning Works
414 GENESEE ST. Phone: GEN. 5108-5109

Phone: MAIN 2169
Rochester Dyeing and Cleaning Co.
M. S. LEACH, F. J. CIESLIK, Props.
Masters of Cleaning and Dyeing
20 CLINTON AVE. SOUTH
(Hotel Seneca Building)
Plant 65-67 Hickory Street

FOR YOUR CLEANING, DYEING
And TAILORING *Call*
BECKLER'S
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU
Telephone: Glen. 3184
OUR MOTTO:
"Good Work, Fair Prices, Prompt Service."
496 LYELL AVENUE

WILLIAM F. KALLUSCH
Tailoring
605 TEMPLE BUILDING

ECONOMY
DRY CLEANERS
Pressing, Repairing
AND
Merchant Tailor
7 OWEN STREET

Rapps, Inc.
CLEANERS & DYERS
398 South Avenue
Stone 3900

Enjoy 52 Wash-Days a Year
We'll take your bundle and your troubles too. Just phone Main 2978 and we'll gladly explain our various services.
HOME LAUNDRY
505 CLINTON AVENUE

COBB'S HILL MARKET
At BEL-AIR
Choice Meats
AND
Fresh Dressed Poultry
1300 Monroe Avenue
Phone: Monroe 2498

MARTIN V. REMMEL
Market
542 South Avenue
MONROE 1623

SCHUDT'S
MARKET
511 EAST MAIN ST. *At Scio*

"We are pleased to 'MEAT' You"
STONE 289 STONE 290

Phone CULVER 3984 DELIVERY
HUMBOLDT
SANITARY & QUALITY
MARKET
423 HUMBOLDT STREET
Cor. Middlesex Road

BECKER'S
MARKET
ON THE CORNER
Front and Market Sts.
Where the Good Meats Come From

SCHROTH MARKET
Finest Grade
OF
Meats
FAIR PRICES
Lyell Avenue *at* Murray
GLEN. 3210

Quality Sausage
AND
Meat Products
FROMM BROS.
200-204 CAMPBELL STREET

SCHAEFER BROS.
1050 DEWEY AVENUE
The Finest in
Meats, Vegetables *and*
Table Delicacies
Phones: GLEN. 2640-2641
Delivery Service

Nazareth

We bid farewell to you,
  Nazareth, Alma Mater;
We bid farewell to you,
  Your every loving daughter.

Nazareth, we love your halls,
  Like shaded country ways;
Your large and airy rooms
  Do merit every praise;
We love your spacious stage
  Whereon our actors play,
And your cheerful study hall
  Wherein we meet the fray.
But Nazareth, even more,
  As you, our Mother, know,
We love the friends we've made,
  Our chums and teachers so.

We bid farewell to you,
  Nazareth, Alma Mater,
We bid farewell to you,
  Your every loving daughter.

ANNA FISCHETTE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Links of Lasting Good

Linked were our hands for four fleeting years
  In an ever merry and joyful mood;
But linked were our hearts by friendship's ties
  In links of love and lasting good.

Linked were our plans with those of our classmates,
  United our hearts to these comrades true;
Linked were our thoughts by mem'ries of classrooms,
  United forever with gold and blue.

Linked with the dear past of days that are over,
  Bound to the present by thoughts of today;
Linked with the future on whose threshold we're standing,
  United and loyal to dear old N. A.

BARBARA J. HETZLER, '28.

The Scrantom's Stores Appeal to the Younger Set

THE big Book Stores and the shops devoted to Art Novelties, Leather Goods, Social Stationery and Sporting Goods offer metropolitan collections of the latest publications and goods for young people. The Educational and Office Supply Shops furnish materials needed for work, and the Engraving Shops take care of the social forms required.

Stores in the Powers Building and at 334-336 Main Street East

SCRANTOM'S

L Y N A M

REALTY SERVICE

P. J. LYNAM

200 WEBSTER AVENUE

Telephone Culver 3379

Phone Culver 1052

CHARLES J. DILL

Plumbing and Heating

General Jobbing

165 ST. PAUL STREET

DOWD'S DENTAL PASTE

IS NOT ONLY CLEANSING, DISINFECTING AND HEALING BUT GERMICIDAL AS WELL

and is

MADE IN ROCHESTER

BRANCH OFFICE LESTER BLK.
BROCKPORT, N. Y.

... THE ...
PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

J. F. CARLS, *Asst. Supt.*

with a staff of eight salesmen can give you Expert Service. Advice cheerfully given.

Phone 87-M

A. J. MEYER

596 Hudson Ave.

SHOES
for the
WHOLE FAMILY

Repairing a Specialty

Religious Articles Greeting Cards Candles

Stationery and Engravings

Special line of Graduation Gifts

Trant's Catholic Supply Store

CHURCH GOODS

96 CLINTON AVE. N. 115 FRANKLIN ST.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Phone Main 444

EGBERT F. ASHLEY CO.

INSURANCE

Second Floor, Union Trust Building

19 Main Street West, Rochester, N. Y.

WHOLESALE RETAIL

YOUNG'S

Shell Oyster and Fish Market

158 MAIN STREET WEST

All Kinds of Sea Food in Season

We Deliver Phones { Main 3985 / Main 7993

Compliments

of

a friend

Did you ever stop to think that those terrible pains you experience in your limbs might be the result of fallen Arches?
I make **Arch Supporters** to fit each individual patron.
Examination Free
OFFICE HOURS
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays 9 A. M. to 11:30 A. M., 1:30 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. Mondays and Thursdays 7 P. M. to 8 P. M. Saturdays by Appointment.

GEORGE F. SPIEGEL & SON
1210 ST. PAUL STREET

Glenwood 4731 *"Satisfied Patrons My Best Advertisement."*

"FURRIERS
FOR
NEARLY
A
HALF CENTURY."

MENG - SHAFER - HELD

ROCHESTER BUFFALO

At All Grocers

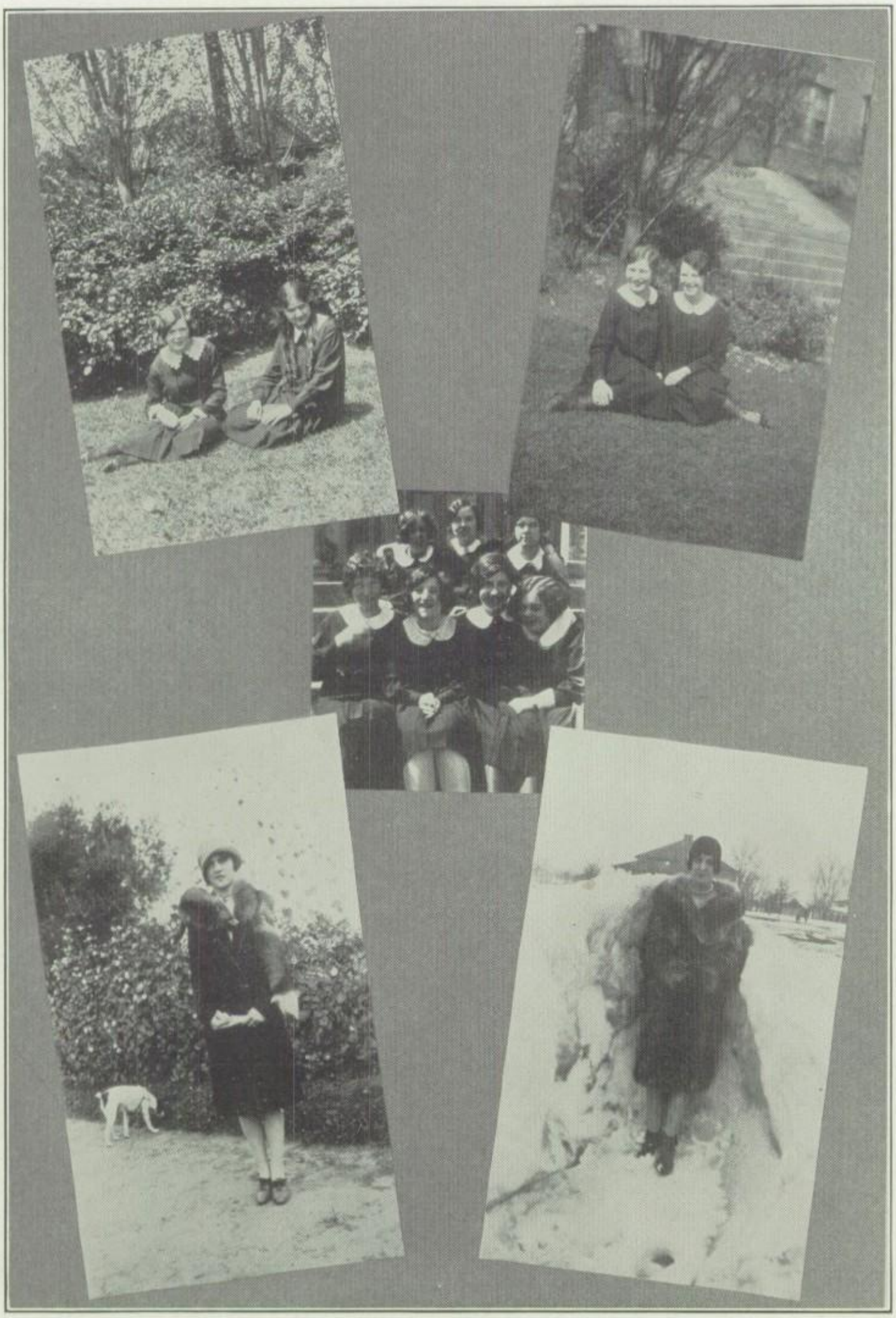
Cream Bread

DURNHERR BAKING COMPANY

SCHAEFER & HARTEL
Successors to E. S. ETTENHEIMER & CO.
Jewelers
Sole Agents for the Patik Philippe Watches
Diamonds a Specialty

G. C. Schaefer
E. G. Hartel

8 MAIN STREET EAST
Rochester, N. Y.



RYAN & McINTEE

B. LEO McINTEE

Funeral Directors

STONE 146

207 CHESTNUT ST.
Near Monroe

MILLER & BENN, Inc.

Funeral Home

782 MAIN ST. WEST

HEDGES & HOFFMAN

Funeral Directors

141 SCIO ST. MAIN 620

N. J. MILLER'S SON

Funeral Service

706 SOUTH AVENUE

A. J. MATTLE & SON

Funeral Directors

52 Cumberland Street
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Stone 1579

L. W. MAIER'S SONS

870 CLINTON AVE. NORTH

Phone: STONE 609

Say It With Ours

FARMEN FOR FLOWERS

331 Driving Park Ave.

Glenwood 1240

Courtesy *Quality* *Service*

"MAX" THE FLORIST

Where
Artistic Floral Arrangements
Are Made

GLENWOOD 716

355 LYELL AVENUE

Boucher

FLOWERS

245 Main St. East

30 East Avenue

Gen. 5819

Ben-Art Flower Shop

Complete
Floral
Service

804 Main St. West

PROMPT DELIVERIES

The ...

Lowell Flower Shop

CUT FLOWERS and
POTTED PLANTS

◈ ◈ ◈

Funeral and Wedding Designs

◈ ◈ ◈

882 Clinton Ave. North Tel. MAIN 3657

FRESH FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

SULLIVAN BROS.

Florists

Monroe 4747 · Westfall Road

JACOB THOMANN & SONS

Wholesale and Retail

Florists

838 North Goodman Street

Phone CULVER 603

MONROE MARKET

833 DEWEY AVENUE

GLENWOOD 1685 - 1686

Permanent Waving
Finger Waving

Marcelling
Cutting

Maisenbacher Beauty Salon

314 TAYLOR BUILDING

Phone, Main 5523

Where the Waves That Stay come from

328 EAST MAIN STREET

MARCEL WAVING
SHAMPOOING

SCALP TREATMENT
FACIAL MASSAGE

HAIR BOBBING

MRS. J. A. WICKHAM
Beauty Salon

Madame Hudson System
Beauty Culture in all its Branches

Phone: Main 2166

Iroquois Building 51 Clinton Ave. S.

Grace Baxter
Beauty Shoppe

513 DEWEY AVE.

Marcelling and Hair Tending
A Specialty

ESTABLISHED 1857

George R. Fuller Company

230 ANDREWS STREET
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Make and Fit

Trusses, Elastic Hosiery, Abdominal Supporters, Surgical and Dress Corsets, Deformity Appliances, Artificial Limbs, Etc.

They are Headquarters for

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service

Portland
Beauty Shoppe

LATEST BEAUTY METHODS

Permanent Waving a Specialty

Prop., Rose Volpe

MAIN 4019

George J. Hetzler

508 Dewey Avenue opp. Emerson

BARBER SHOP

Children's and Ladies'
Hair Bobbing

Main 2540

Main 2541

Cook's Beauty Salon

RAY COOK, Pres.

Hair Bobbing, Marcelling
Permanent Waving

11 CLINTON AVE. NORTH

Opposite Sibley's

HOLEPROOF & PHOENIX
SILK HOSIERY

Give Satisfaction, Style and
Unusual Service
Popular Prices

J. A. ROLAND
415 LYELL AVE.

Dry Goods *Men's Furnishings*

Mary Jennings rushed into a store and exclaimed excitedly to the clerk: "Quick, give me a mouse trap, I want to catch the next street car."

◈ ◈ ◈

Geometry Teacher—"What is a cube?"
Marion Haefele—"A cube is a square surrounded by six sides."
G. T.—"What is a cone?"
Marion—"A cone? Why it's a funnel you stuff with ice cream."

◈ ◈ ◈

Teacher (in Latin Class)—"You don't seem to have studied this. Translate the next line—"homo crepit in pondo vere sic alligator."
Pupil (bluffing)—"To his home in the pond crept the very sick alligator."

◈ ◈ ◈

His Presence

Just a ray of sunshine
In the sky;
Just a strain of music
From on high;
Just a veil of incense
In the air;
Just a filmy vision
Everywhere;
Just a simple answer,
"God is there."

MARY FEENEY, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To Have Friends

To have friends you don't need money,
Just a disposition sunny,
Just a merry, little way
That brightens so the dullest day.

To have friends you don't need glory,
That is quite another story;
Just a wish to help another
In some helpful way or other.

To have friends you don't need fame,
A golden edge around your name;
A kindly word, a smile or two,
Will win a world of friends for you.

ROSEMARY BUCKLEY, '28.

WALTER H. WILSON

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONER

DISTRIBUTOR OF

TREE-RIPE ORANGE JUICE

269 Central Ave. *PHONE MAIN 6795* Rochester, N. Y.

Eclipse

JAMES VONGLIS

—

HOME MADE

CANDY AND ICE CREAM

—

1521 LAKE AVENUE

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Compliments of

Mackenzie Bros.

BERT HOFFEND

CHOICE MEATS

Flavor and Quality Unexcelled

Glen. 2275

454 Lexington Avenue

Compliments of

A Friend

The Best Place to Buy

MEAT

is Fahy's

FAHY MARKET

52-56 ANDREWS ST.

Four Deliveries Daily

Home of Better Values Glen. 4611

FLANIGAN FURNITURE COMPANY

337 Driving Park Avenue at Dewey
Rochester, N. Y.

We have added an upholstery dept.
and solicit your patronage.

ASK FOR

ROCHESTER QUALITY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

"Value First"

MANUFACTURED BY

ROCHESTER STATIONERY COMPANY

...THE...

Hoffman Music Shop

VICTOR VICTROLAS,
RECORDS, PIANOS
and RADIOS

472 North Goodman Street
325-27 Joseph Avenue

OPEN EVENINGS

SENECA
Bookbinding Co.

MAIN 1057

Loose Leaf Devices
Office Forms
Loose Leaf Sheets
Blank Books

31-37 North Water Street

STEINWAY PIANOS
SOLE ROCHESTER DEALERS

Levis Music Store

39 South Avenue
412 East Main Street
73 State Street

WALL-GALBRAITH, Inc.

Builders' Supplies
and
Coal

Phone Glenwood 3080

10 Norman St. Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES L. KANTY
PAPER BOX CORPORATION

Manufacturers of

PAPER BOXES

Service and Quality at the
Right Prices

49 ANDREWS STREET
MAIN 5393

ROCHESTER
BOOK BINDERY

REPAIRING
PRAYER BOOKS
REBINDING
MAGAZINES, ETC.

114 ST. PAUL STREET

KUBITZ BROTHERS

Garage

656 BLOSSOM ROAD

General Repairing

Service Station

WINTON ROAD and
HUMBOLDT STREET

Official ALEMITE Service

LISTMAN'S

Cash and Carry

MARKET

Glen. 1648

1324 DEWEY AVE.

"We Sell The Best For Less"

DRAKE'S QUALITY GROCERY

BETTER GOODS FOR
THE SAME MONEY
Or THE SAME GOODS
FOR LESS MONEY *At*

DRAKE'S

We Deliver *Glen. 1666*

Compliments of

J. J. SOMMERS

288 PLYMOUTH AVE. S.

DEALER IN

Candies, Ice Cream, Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes, Baked Goods, Milk, Shelf Groceries, Cold Meat, Notions and Drugs.

Rochester School Tablets, Note Books, Loose Leaf Paper, Pencils and Pens.

Phone MAIN 8166

Boston Delicatessen

820 Dewey Avenue

Odenbach's Baked Goods

Our own Home Made Salads
and Virginia Baked Ham

Open Evenings to 9:30—Sundays 5 to 7:30 p.m.

Phone GLEN. 5152

ABSO-PURE ICE

HETZLER BROS. ICE CO., Inc.

801 DRIVING PARK AVENUE

Our Ice is made of Hemlock Water, thoroughly filtered and frozen under most sanitary conditions and is

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Telephone your first order - - - - - GLEN. 1150

OUR MOTTO: "QUALITY AND SERVICE."

Virgil

(*With Apologies*)

Publius Virgilius Maro,
  Wielder of the magic pen,
Raised the dignity of Latin
  Far beyond our mortal ken.
By his magic pen he did it,
  Told of wanderings from Troy,
Caused his heroes to sail forth
East and west and south and north,
  Poor wanderers from Troy!

Though the many years in passing,
  Brought us newer tales to hear;
Though the language lives no more now,
  Known to just the scholar's ear;
Those who study classic Latin,
  When they're seniors will be told
How the Roman Virgil sang it,
  When he wrote Troy's tale of old.

ANNA FISCHETTE, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

To My Uniform

O Pal of my high school days,
  A friend in care and woe,
When I leave my youthful ways
  In memory you shall go.

With elbows patched and pockets torn,
  You hang in sad distress;
You do appear a sight forlorn
  O little Nazareth Dress.

And though my high school days are past,
  And you are worn and thin;
My memory will hold you fast,
  To urge me on to win.

KATHLEEN KEENAN, '28.

INCORPORATED 1896 764 JAY STREET

The Domestic Virtues are Best Practised
IN A HOME OF YOUR OWN

THE TWENTIETH WARD CO-OPERATIVE SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

WILL HELP YOU SAVE FOR THAT HOME

Systematic Saving is the Foundation of Independence

"Jimmy's"

JAMES PLACE

1521 Lake Avenue

Ice Cream and Candy

Lake Avenne
Food Shoppe

H. M. JOHNSON, Prop.

Phone Glenwood 972

7 Pullman Avenue

Compliments of the

R. Whalen Co.

Tobacconists

Before You Try the Rest
Try the Best

THE
Flapjack Shoppe

We Fill the Man
But Never Empty His Pocketbook

397 South Ave. Rochester

KEYSTONE BUILDERS SUPPLY CO.

Masons Materials
Contractors Equipment

TELEPHONES GLENWOOD 485-486

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 85 PALM ST. N. Y. C. KODAK PARK SWITCH

BURKE'S SMART SHOES

featuring

STYLE ❦ QUALITY ❦ VALUE

Our advance knowledge of styles enables us to show the smartest Footwear when new — our remarkable values make a convincing appeal. See our showing of Smart Footwear for all Summer activities.

Most Styles $6.00

17 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH

The Prettiest
DRESSES
in the city
$5 - $10 - $15

EDOUARD'S
SAMPLE DRESS SHOP
1546 Lake Ave. at Lapham St.

Compliments

of

A Friend

Louis Ernst & Son

HARDWARE
TOOLS
CUTLERY
SUPPLIES

45 South Avenue

C. F. Ranzenbach

DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats
Vegetables, Poultry
Etc.

Manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAUSAGE

Cor. Conkey Ave. and Avenue A

COMPLIMENTS OF

Culhane Bros.

UNDERTAKERS

OFFICE and CHAPEL, 1411 LAKE AVE.
Glenwood 1411

WALTER V. MACK

Plumbing
and
Heating

GLEN. 3907 807-809 DEWEY AVE.

Davis Drug Company

PRESCRIPTION
PHARMACISTS

1481 Lake Ave. cor. Ridgeway Ave.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Compliments

of

The Winton Pharmacy

WHITE'S
PHARMACY

582 CHILI AVENUE
COR. SALINA
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Phone Genesee 5415

FRED'K W. FICKETT

Pharmacist

639 Lake Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.

Thirtieth Year

You want Pure Drugs!
want Fair Prices!
want Courteous Treatment!

Try ...

BELLE-ISLE
PHARMACY

Cor. Chili Ave. and Post Ave.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GEORGE A. KLIER
PHARMACY

Prescription Pharmacists

261 Ames St.
Rochester, N. Y.

BURTON C. WALLACE

Medicine Shoppe

1481 DEWEY AVENUE
Rochester, N. Y.

Phone Glenwood 965

"WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE"

Mr. Oshant

DRUGGIST

657 HUDSON AVENUE

Quatrain

The sun on a bright, clear morning
  Sends forth his roseate hue,
And starts the day by smiling
  As every one should do.

MARY EVA HENNER, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

No Other

You will never find another
  So faithful, kind and true,
As your own dear loving Mother,
  Whom God has given you.

MARY EVA HENNER, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

Triolet

I began before Sunday,
But now it's blue Monday,
With no lessons done.
I began before Sunday,
When who came but Fun
And her nod and call won.
I began before Sunday,
But now it's blue Monday,
With no lessons done.

DOLORES CLARK, '28.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Snowflake

Ha, ha! I dance
  And prance
And laugh at you.
Ha, ha! I whirl
  And swirl
And wink at you.
Ha, ha! I dip
  And slip
And play with you.

Perhaps you'll come,
  Blithsome,
To dance with me.
I'm very white
  And light
And free you see.
Why can't you play
  All day
And be like me?

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON, '28.

Kodaks and Supplies
Expert Finishing

James T. Murray
Druggist
492 Lyell Ave., Cor. Myrtle St.

RUSSER'S MARKET
Best Quality Meats
AT
Reasonable Prices
AMES, Corner MAPLE STREET

Compliments of - -
A FRIEND

Compliments of
Fee Brothers
All the Famous Beverages
21-27 N. Water Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Parking
that Pays
ROCHESTER AUTO INN
39 Stone St. 29 Stillson St.

HOLLISTER LUMBER
COMPANY, LTD.
Lumber and Coal
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

AUTHORIZED BUICK
Service Station
We are the originators in specialized Buick Service. Fully equipped service cars, free to customers—40 car repair capacity.
Largest Shop in the City for
Buick Repairs only.
A. C. FREER & CO.
962 MAIN STREET EAST
Member R. G. O. A.
OPEN UNTIL 12:00 STONE 5184

Always the Best
IN
Underwear & Hosiery
Rochester Underwear Store
342 East Main Street

Experience

Behind every one of our installations is the experience of forty-two years of honor and integrity in business and the testimony of an ever-increasing list of building owners who find profit in the quality of workmanship, skill and thought put into Howe & Bassett equipment.

PLUMBING AND HEATING SINCE 1885

HOWE & BASSETT CO., Inc.

840 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Shannon & Gottermeier

Plumbing, Heating, Tinsmithing, Hardware, Tin, Copper and Sheet Metal Work. "Glendale Ranges."

All Kinds of Furnaces and Ranges Cleaned and Repaired

Glenwood 55 683 Lake Ave.

Shabby Floors

Quickly restored to their original beauty by the

Electrified Vacuum Method

NO CHARGE FOR ESTIMATES

Rapid Floor Finishing Co.

72 S. Water Street Stone 1000

John G. Arensmeyer & Co.

Plumbing and Heating Contractors

Complete Water System Installation for Suburban Houses.

Telephone STONE 6661

52 North Union Street,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

FREDERICK LIESE

Plumbing and Heating

PAINTS & VARNISHES

Phones:

Main 3369 Culver 1057

1046 CLINTON AVE. NORTH

JOHN R. WARD

Sanitary Plumbing, Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitting, Tinsmithing Stove and Furnace Repairs

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS

Estimates Furnished *Both Phones*

253 JEFFERSON AVENUE

Preventable Waste is Sinful

Save your fuel by having us equip your windows and doors with our "SUPERIOR" type of weather strips. Twenty years' service right here in Rochester. Most experience and latest equipment. Estimates without charge or obligation.

JOHN GOETTEN SERVICE

72 SOUTH WATER STREET

Phone: Stone 1732

J. O. LEDLIE
10th Ward
JEWELER
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware
Greeting Cards for All Occasions
Open Evenings
842 Dewey Ave. Near Driving Park Avenue

COMPLIMENTS OF
SCHULZ BROS.
Ice Cream Parlor
Dinners and Light Lunches
355 DRIVING PARK AVENUE
PHONE GLENWOOD 1381

Compliments
of
A Friend

JOHN H. GARNHAM
High Quality
FRUITS and VEGETABLES
823 Dewey Ave.
Glenwood 3995

H. F. DOELL
Groceries, Meats
Baked Goods
1056 DEWEY AVENUE

Compliments of . . .
Mr. A. C. FREER

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .
THE
Yauchzi Company
773 LAKE AVENUE

J. CLINTON
Quality Groceries
Fruits and Vegetables in Season
501 LYELL AVENUE
Rochester, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

W. N. CLARK COMPANY

Packers and Preservers

Rochester, N. Y.

IT COSTS NO MORE
TO TRADE AT

FLICKINGER'S

AND

QUALITY

CONSIDERED

IT COSTS LESS

TOWNTALK
BAKERY

904 WEST MAIN ST.

PHONE CONNECTIONS

Compliments of

GOVERNOR'S
Home Bakery

Glenwood 3112

505 LYELL AVENUE

Frank Beierschmitt's

FLICKINGER'S
CO-OPERATIVE
GROCERY STORE

LYELL AVENUE cor. MURRAY STREET

Kirby Brothers

FANCY MEATS
AND
BAKED GOODS

1172 Dewey Ave.

PHONE, GLENWOOD 109

An Overshadowing Excellence

approved by many careful wearers has made our white gold glasses justly popular.

WHY NOT HAVE YOUR SHELL FRAMES REPLACED TODAY?

WHELPLEY & PAUL
Prescription Opticians
6 Seneca Hotel Arcade **Phone Main 2054**

LADIES', CHILDREN'S AND
MEN'S WEAR

Let Decker Deck You

4415 LAKE AVE., ROCHESTER
Charlotte Station

KODAKS STATIONERY

The Cole Pharmacy
Prescription Specialists

4419 LAKE AVENUE
CHARLOTTE STATION

Toilet Articles

A. J. TUCKER

Dry Goods and
Men's Furnishings

DEWEY AVE., Cor. MAGEE

JAY E. MILLARD

Licensed Pharmacist

1470 DEWEY AVENUE,
S. E. Corner Ridgeway Avenue

Compliments of ...

RAYMOND SIMMONS

Williams Potato Chips

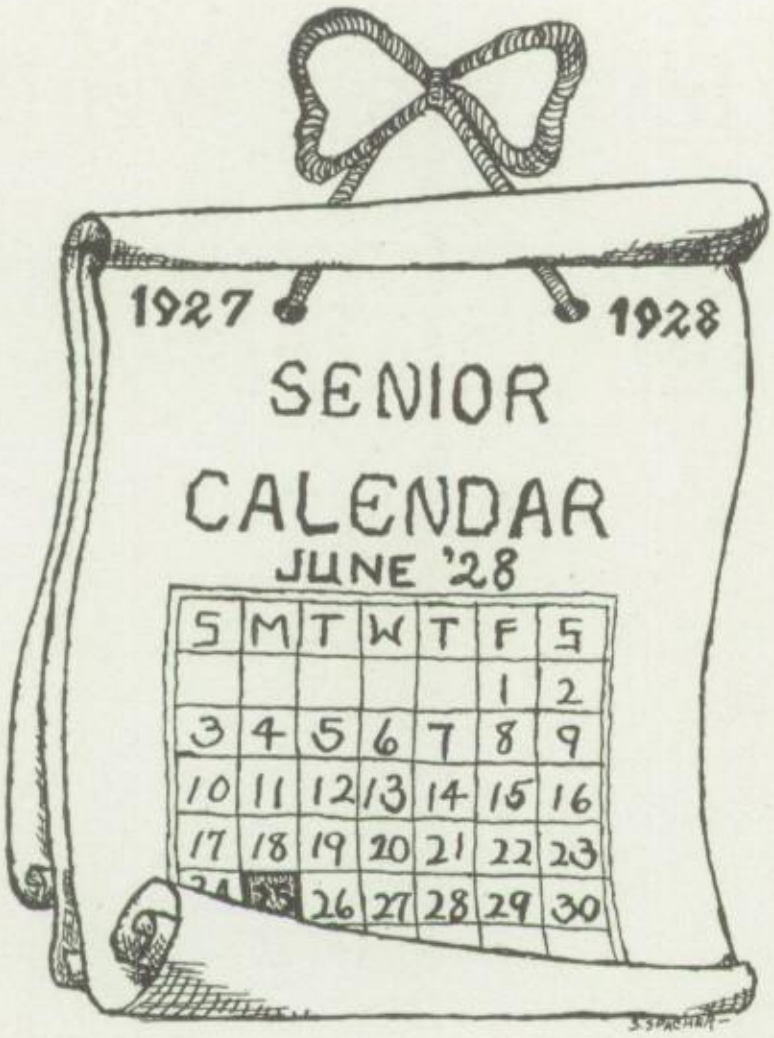
10½ BRONSON AVENUE

MAIN 6808

SEEDS
FOR YOUR
GARDEN
Hart & Vick

Compliments of ...

WILLIAM SOVATSKY
Tailor



Class Calendar

Opening of school	September 6
Election of Class Officers	October 17
Hallowe'en Party	October 28
Thanksgiving Vacation	November 25
"Cynthia Looks Ahead"	December 7
Christmas Pageant	December 21
Christmas Holidays	December 21-January 2
Regents' Examinations (Mid-year's)	January 16
Sister Marcella's Feast Day	January 31
Valentine Party	February 14
Lent Began	February 22
St. Patrick's Day	March 17
St. Joseph's Day	March 19
Retreat	April 1-4
Easter Vacation	April 4-16
Senior Plays	April 16-17
"The Outsider"	April 30
Orchestra Concert	May 7
Commencement	June 25

S. SPACHER, '28.

The White Wire Works Co.

Manufacturers of

GRILL and WIRE WORK

Dealers in

Wire Cloth, Brass Wire, Rod, Sheet, Tubing, Etc.

79-83 EXCHANGE STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MAIN 441

THOMPSON'S CREAMERY

WHIPPED CREAM
ICE CREAMS AND SHERBETS

164 CHAMPLAIN STREET
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Phone, Genesee 1405

Whittle's

SODAS CANDIES ICE CREAM LUNCHES

38 East Avenue 1784 East Avenue

44 Main Street East 84 Main Street West

Classified Ads

Wanted—A large supply of optimism to pass around just before exams. Anxious Seniors.

Wanted—Musician to play piano with mahogany legs and ivory keyboard. Nazareth Gym.

Wanted—Three inches of height. By H. H., this office.

Wanted—Silent ranks in halls by Student Government Officers.

Wanted—A remedy for spring fever. L. F.

Found—A radio which receives dances over the air. Demonstrations given in Nazareth auditorium.

Found—A diamond ring bearing initials L. K.

Lost—A small black and white dog by a child with large ears and two black spots between eyes. Reward.

"Swaps" or Exchange—A commercial law book with correct principles of law for a thrilling novel, a spooky mystery, or—What have you?

For Sale—A grouch, like new, only used a short time. Reason for selling—have no further use for same.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Passing Show

"Seventh Heaven".....Three o'clock gong
"The Noose".....Summons to the office
"The Unknown".....Chemistry
"Flaming Youth".....The Sophomores
"So This Is London".....First Impression of Nazareth
"Spring Fever".....Why Bring That Up?
"Up in the Air".....On the third floor
"Wings".....After Retreat
"Doomsday".....Reports
"Fireman Save My Child".....At Exams
"The Big Parade".....Between Classes
"The Kid(s)".....Freshmen
"What Price Glory".....Graduation
"Blossom Time".....Week Ends
"The Road to Mandalay".....Front Walk
"It".....Ahem! !
"The Woman on Trial".....Everyone in Oral English
"The Smart Set".....Juniors
"Orphans of the Storm".....Flunkers
"Variety".....Cafeteria
"Figures Don't Lie".....Algebra
"Fashions For Women".....Senior Parties
"Heaven on Earth".....Study Hall
"My Best Girl".....Seniors
"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp".....Dismissal
"Her Wild Oats".....Lunch Period
"The Prisoner of Zenda".....After school session
"Speed Demon".....8:20 trailer

Louise Doyle and Marion Haefele

Compliments of

CONSOLIDATED MILK
COMPANY

TRY

MALT MILK CRACKERS
HEALTHFUL *and* TASTY

Made By
ONTARIO BISCUIT CO.

Makers of the Famous
CHOCOLATE CHIPS
And
GOLDEN GRAHAM CRACKERS

Compliments of

Thomas J. Stokes

Grocer

693 Lake Avenue Phone Glenwood 1268

Furlong-White Studio

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHERS

158 East Main Street

CENTRAL BUILDING

Cafeteria, Dining Room and Kitchen
EQUIPMENT

A FULL LINE OF SUPPLIES

THE AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
425 Central Ave. Phones, Main 1076 -- 1077

ALFONSO PETROSSI

Contractor

OFFICE:
605 DUFFY-POWERS BUILDING
Phone Main 3135
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Index to Advertisers

A

American Specialty Co., The..155
Arensmeyer & Co., John G. ...147
Art Print Shop, Inc., The.....159
Ashley, Egbert F. Co. 131

B

Barnard, Porter & Remington..115
Barr & Creelman Co. 123
Baxter Beauty Shoppe, Grace..136
Becker's Market 128
Beckler's 127
Beierschmitt's, Frank 149
Belle-Isle Pharmacy 144
Ben-Art Flower Shop 135
Boston Delicatessen 140
Boucher, Flowers 135
Boyland, O. S. 126
Burke's Smart Shoes 143

C

Clark, Mr. Raymond L. 124
Clark Co., W. N. 149
Clinton, J. 148
Cobbs Hill Market 128
Cole Pharmacy, The 150
Consolidated Milk Co. 154
Cook's Beauty Salon 136
Co-operative Foundry Co. 116
Culhane Bros. 143

D

Darrow School of Business 115
Davis Drug Co. 144
Decker, Wearing Apparel 150
DeVisser Bros. 126
Dill, Charles J. 130
Doell, H. F. 148
Dowd's Dental Paste 130
Drake's Quality Grocery 140
Durnherr Baking Co. 132

E

Eclipse 138
Economy Dry Cleaners 127
Edouard's 143
Epstein 120
Ernst & Son, Louis 143

F

Fahy Market 138
Farmen, Flowers 135
Fee Bros. 146
Fickett, Fred'k W. 144
Flanigan Furniture Co. 138
Flapjack Shoppe, The 142
Flickinger's 149
Frances Shop 123
Freer & Co., A. C. 146
Freer, Mr. A. C. 148
Fromm Bros. 128
Fuller Co., George R. 136
Furlong-White Studio 155

G

Garnham, John H. 148
Goetten Service, John 147
Governor's Home Bakery 149
Green & Son, Wm. 119
Gregg Secretarial School 111

H

Hanan Shoes 123
Hart & Vick 150
Hedges & Hoffman 134
Herald Engraving Co., Inc.....108
Hetzler, George J. 136
Hetzler Bros. Ice Co., Inc. 140
Hoffend, Bert 138
Hoffman Music Shop, The 139
Hollister Lumber Co., Ltd. 146
Home Laundry 127
Howe & Bassett Co., Inc. 147
Howe & Rogers Co. 126
Humboldt Market 128

K

Kallusch, Wm. F. 127
Kanty, Charles L. 139
Kenny, Gerald C. 126
Keystone Builders' Supply Co..142
Kirby Bros. 149
Klier Pharmacy, George A. 144
Knapp, Louis J. 119
Kubitz Bros. 140

L

Lake Ave. Food Shoppe 142
Lang Drug Co. 123
Langie Coal Co., L. C. 116
Ledlie, J. O. 148
Levis Music Store 139
Liese, Frederick 147
Listman's Market 140
Lowell Flower Shop, The.....135
Lynam Realty Service 130

M

Mabbett Motors 118
Mack, Walter V. 143
Mackenzie Bros. 138
Maggs, Caterer 126
Maier's Sons, L. W. 134
Maisenbacher Beauty Salon ...136
Marriott's French Dry Cleaning.127
Mattle & Son, A. J. 134
Max, the Florist 135
McGrath & Edwards Bros. 115
McGuire, Charles B. 126
Meisenzahl Bros. Coal Co. 116
Mechanics Institute 111
Meng-Shafer-Held 132
Meyer, A. J. 130
Meyer, Foote & Dayton Co. ...114
Meyerhoff, G. E. 122
Millard, Jay E. 150
Miller & Benn, Inc. 134
Miller Pleating Works 115
Millers Son, N. J. 134
Monroe Market 135
Murray, James T. 146

N

Nazareth College 113

O

O'Brien Pharmacy, The 122
Ontario Biscuit Co. 154
Oshant, Mr. 144
Ott, Mr. A. W. 116

P

Pemberton, C. W. 124
Petrossi, Alfonso 155
Place, James 142
Portland Beauty Shoppe 136
Predmore, Wm. F. 115
Prudential Ins. Co. of Amer..130

R

Ranzenbach, C. F. 143
Rapid Floor Finishing Co. 147
Rapps, Inc. 127
Remmel, Martin V. 128
Riteall Checkwriter Corp. 124
Ritter, P. J. Co. 122
Rochester Auto Inn 146
Rochester Book Bindery 139
Rochester Business Institute ..110
Rochester Dyeing & Cleaning..127
Rochester Gas & Electric Corp..114
Rochester Packing Co., Inc....118
Rochester Stationery Co. 139
Rochester Underwear Store 146
Roland, J. A. 136
Rosery Flower Shop, The.....122
Rubadou, F. E. 115
Russer's Market 146
Ryan & McIntee 134

S

Schaefer Bros. 128
Schaefer & Hartel 132
Schroth Market 128
Schudt's Market 128
Schulz Bros. 148
Scrantom's 130
Seneca Bookbinding Co. 139
Shannon & Gottermeier 147
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. 120
Simmons, Raymond 150
Smyth, Marie A. 124
Sommers, J. J. 140
Sovatsky, William 150
Spiegel, George F. & Son.....132
Staub & Son 114
St. Bonaventure's College 113
Stokes, Thomas J. 154
Sullivan Bros. 135

T

Thompson's Creamery 152
Thomann & Sons, Jacob 135
Towntalk Bakery 149
Tucker, A. J. 150
Trant's Catholic Supply Store..131
Twentieth Ward Co-op. Savings & Loan Ass'n 142

V

Verna's Beauty Shoppe 123

W

Walk-Over Shoes 118
Wallace, Burton C. 144
Wall-Galbraith, Inc. 139
Ward, John R. 147
Weis & Fisher Co. 119
Whalen Co., R. 142
Whelpley & Paul 149
White's Pharmacy 144
White Wire Works Co., The....152
Whittle's 152
Wickham, Mrs. J. A. 136
Williams Potato Chips 150
Wilson, Walter H. 138
Winton Pharmacy, The 144

Y

Yauchzi Co., The 148
Young's Fish Market 131

Z

Zahrndt & Son, Wm. F. 118
Zimmerli 119
Zweigle Bros. 122

Directory

Class of 1928

Ackerman, Emily	Holy Apostles' School	55 Santee Street
Allesandrella, Josephine	Holy Redeemer School	45 Council Street
Amann, Dolores C.	Saint Boniface School	735 Meigs Street
Anderson, Irene C.	St. John the Evangelist School	25 Kansas Street
Attridge, Lois J.	Sacred Heart School	220 Electric Avenue
Ballou, Jeanette M.	St. Michael's School	17 Mead Street
Barson, Rosana M.	Corpus Christi School	57 Weld Street
Berend, Loretta F.	Holy Family School	8 Kestrel Street
Bishop, Isabelle H.	Corpus Christi School	608 Garson Avenue
Boylin, Jessie E.	St. John's School, Greece	Spencerport, N. Y.
Brennan, Anna Marie	St. Agnes School	Avon, N. Y.
Buckley, Rosemary A.	Nazareth Grammar School	311 Pierpont Street
Burke, Mildred J.	Nazareth Grammar School	210 Lexington Avenue
Burns, Margaret Marie	Sacred Heart School	1495 Dewey Avenue
Carls, Elizabeth C.	Nativity School	Brockport, N. Y.
Chapman, Helen C.	Corpus Christi School	109 Peck Street
Clark, Dolores	St. Andrew's School	149 Post Avenue
Clark, Lillian K.	Nazareth Grammar School	121 Newcastle Road
Clinton, Mary M.	St. Charles Borromeo	Maiden Lane Road
Cole, Madeline K.	Corpus Christi School	132 Garson Avenue
Collins, Ruth M.	St. John the Evangelist School	79 Ohio Street
Connor, Gertrude	Nazareth Grammar School	325 Glenwood Avenue
Conway, Grace	St. Joseph's School	54 Park Avenue
Coyne, Bernadette M.	Immaculate Conception School	74 Normandy Avenue
Corcoran, Anna E.	St. Monica's School	92 Barton Street
Crowley, Margaret M.	Immaculate Conception School	105 Tremont Street
Culp, Jane	Nazareth Grammar School	101 Birr Street
Dempsey, Florence	Blessed Sacrament School	75 Richard Street
Doyle, Frances M.	Holy Apostles' School	8 Kondolf Street
Doyle, Louise M.	Blessed Sacrament School	107 Ridge Road East
Dubie, Dorethea A.	Holy Cross School	364 Troup Street
Echter, Helen R.	St. Augustine's School	186 Kenwood Avenue
Erb, Mary Ester	Holy Apostles' School	181 Warner Street
Erdle, Virginia M.	Nazareth Grammar School	495 Maplewood Avenue
Feeney, Beatrice B.	St. Boniface School	56 Rockingham Street
Feeney, Mary A.	Corpus Christi School	301 Garson Avenue
Fess, Lillian C.	Holy Family School	48 Cedar Street
Fink, Alice J.	Holy Redeemer School	1368 Clifford Avenue
Fischette, Anna M.	St. Francis Xavier's School	1529 Clifford Avenue
Foley, Esther C.	St. John's School, Clyde	172 Pullman Avenue
Foley, Norma M.	Immaculate Conception School	110 Hawley Street
Foos, Dorothy M.	St. Francis Xavier's School	194 Winterroth St.
Forcione, Magdalen M.	Corpus Christi School	215 Illinois Street
Gardner, Margaret H.	St. John the Evangelist School	134 Marion Street
Gillenkirk, Bernice A.	Nativity School, Brockport	50 Luella Street
Guntert, Muriel E.	St. Augustine's School	219 Post Avenue
Haefele, Marion A.	Corpus Christi School	181 Elm Croft Road
Hanley, Katherine M.	Holy Rosary School	77 Oriole Street
Harnishfeger, Bertha A.	St. Boniface School	358 Linden Street
Harper, Louise S.	Cathedral School	357 Electric Avenue
Harrison, Mary A.	Corpus Christi School	33 Greenleaf Street

Henner, Mary Eva	Nazareth Grammar School	86 Raines Park
Hetzler, Barbara J.	Nazareth Grammar School	143 Curlew Street
Hogan, Thelma M.	St. Bridget's School	31 Lowell Street
Hohener, Louise A.	St. Boniface's School	440 Linden Street
Hoppough, Helene M.	St. Boniface's School	58 Ridgeway Avenue
Howard, Florence R.	Immaculate Conception School	422 Tremont Street
Jennings, Mary B.	St. Augustine's School	132 Rugby Avenue
Kearns, Ruth M.	St. Augustine's School	103 Roslyn Street
Keenan, Kathleen M.	Immaculate Conception School	39 Goodwill Street
Kelly, Jean	Sacred Heart Academy	1194 East Avenue
Kelley, Mary N.	St. Ambrose School	20 Vermont Street
Kelly, Martha	Waterloo High School	1084 Genesee Street
Kier, Rita M.	Holy Rosary School	100 Villa Street
Kinsella, Beatrice	Nativity School, Brockport	Brockport, N. Y.
Kirby, Ruth	St. Agnes' School	Avon, N. Y.
Klein, Elizabeth F.	Sacred Heart School	128 Primrose Street
Koczian, Louisa M.	SS. Peter and Paul's School	117 Wooden Street
Lang, Helen M.	Blessed Sacrament School	321 Rosedale Street
Leary, Mary R.	Blessed Sacrament School	490 Highland Avenue
Long, Mary L.	St. Boniface's School	203 Mt. Vernon Avenue
McCabe, Helen G.	No. 8 School	15 Athens Street
McGuire, Madeline G.	Nazareth Grammar School	27 Stutson Street
McKague, Arline F.	Holy Rosary School	751 Dewey Avenue
McKenna, Ruth M.	Corpus Christi School	413 Webster Avenue
Magin, Mildred F.	Holy Apostles' School	156 Avery Street
Maloney, Katherine E.	Immaculate Conception School	54 Greig Street
Marchand, Gertrude	St. Mary's School	117 Hamilton Street
Martin, Irene G.	St. John's School, Greece	Greece, N. Y.
Meagher, Margaret M.	Corpus Christi School	52 Sidney Street
Merklinger, Mary M.	St. Augustine's School	82 Rugby Avenue
Minges, Jean S.	Seneca School	4870 Summerville Blvd.
Murray, A. Grace	Blessed Sacrament School	120 Eastland Avenue
Nothnagle, Julia R.	Holy Rosary School	9 Welstead Place
O'Neill, Kathleen M.	Corpus Christi	126 Garson Avenue
O'Neil, Marion R.	Blessed Sacrament School	5 Thayer Street
O'Shea, Mary-Claire	Blessed Sacrament School	2 Edmond Street
Ott, Bernice A.	Nazareth Grammar School	58 Merchants Road
Papineau, Dorothy M.	Holy Family School	192 Campbell Street
Pegnam, Mary Alice	Sacred Heart School	451 Raines Park
Philp, Mae Bell	Holy Redeemer School	62 St Jacob's Street
Plank, Thelma C.	St. Mary's School	98 Bakerdale Road
Pomeroy, Arline M.	Holy Redeemer School	2041 Clinton Ave. North
Polla, Alice	Madison Junior High	88 Colgate Street
Purchase, Elizabeth M.	Sacred Heart School	82 Steko Avenue
Quirin, Mary A.	Holy Redeemer School	114 Frederick Park
Rae, Mary M.	Corpus Christi School	227 Breck Street
Reddy, Mary F.	Nazareth Grammar School	279 Ravine Avenue
Roach, Altha M.	Fair Haven High School	Red Creek, Box 43
Roach, Mary M.	St. Monica's School	170 Spruce Avenue
Rovas, Isabelle V.	Holy Redeemer School	12 Dudley Street
Rowan, Margaret E.	St. Augustine's School	58 Post Avenue
Rubino, Helene K.	Nativity School, Brockport	Brockport, New York
St. Pierre, Blanche M.	Holy Apostles' School	Dewey Avenue Station
Schefinger, Lorette C.	Nazareth Grammar School	343 Avenue B
Scheid, Dorothy M.	St. Michael's School	60 Navarre Road

Schifferli, Rosemary M.	Blessed Sacrament School	883 Harvard Street
Schreiner, Eleanor	St. Augustine's School	17 Normandy Avenue
Serafine, Mary A.	St. Anthony's School	416 Oak Street
Sgambati, Angeline A.	St. Anthony's School	231 Saratoga Avenue
Shafer, Kathleen	Corpus Christi School	151 Grand Avenue
Sharkey, Mary W.	Corpus Christi School	14 Russell Street
Sigel, Alzire E.	St. Augustine's School	637 Glenwood Avenue
Silberstein, Hedwiga R.	Jefferson Junior High School	129 Seneca Parkway
Simons, Mary D.	No. 8 School	240 Avenue D.
Slavin, Ruth M.	St. Monica's School	Genesee Valley Park
Spillman, Mary H.	Cathedral Grammar School	39 Jefferson Avenue
Spacher, Susan C.	Nazareth Grammar School	62 Amsterdam Road
Stein, Helen J.	Holy Redeemer School	742 Avenue D.
Strebler, Elsie C.	Nazareth Grammar School	226 Glenwood Avenue
Snyder, Audrey C.	Nazareth Grammar School	1218 Culver Road
Taylor, Melanie A.	Blessed Sacrament School	27 Lansdale Street
Tydings, Margaret F.	Holy Apostles' School	25 Santee Street
Vaeth, Anna E.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help	58 Bleile Terrace
Van Vechten, Dorothy E.	Corpus Christi School	10 Rundel Park
Weingartner, M. Lois	St. Andrew's School	61 Randolph Street
Wells, Helen F.	Nazareth Grammar School	76 Raines Park
Wheeler, M. Arline	St. Agnes' School, Avon	Avon, N. Y.
Williamson, Catherine M.	Immaculate Conception School	331 Thurston Road
Woodruff, Mary	St. Augustine's School	70 Rugby Avenue
Wright, Mary A.	Immaculate Conception School	55 Glasgow Street
Young, Agatha	St. Agnes' School, Avon	Industry, N. Y.
Zweigle, Elnor	Nazareth Grammar School	2970 St. Paul Boulevard

The Art Print Shop, Inc.

PRINTED THIS EDITION OF

Nazareth Academy Year Book

Equipped to do Commercial Printing
such as Catalogues, Booklets, Folders,
Broadsides, Circulars, Stationery, Etc.

Engraved Effect Wedding Invitations & Announcements

THE ART PRINT SHOP, INC.
77 ST. PAUL STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Autographs

Sister M. Tercelina

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs